

EPICOENE,

OR

The silent Woman.

A Comædie.

Acted in the yeare 1609.

By the Children of her Majesties

REVELS.

The Author B. I.

HORAT.

*Vt sis tu similis Cali, Byrrhio, latronum,
Non ego sim Capri, neq. Sulci. Cur metuas me?*



LONDON,

Printed by William Stansby, and are to be sold by
Iohn Browne at his shop in Saint Dunstons
Church-yard in Fleetstreet.

1620.

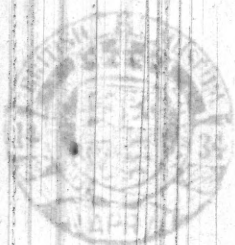
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Handwritten note at bottom: ... of this comedy ... 1609.

Silence in the

C

A. Convent

Adapted by the Children of the

REV. V. H. A.

The Author B. Johnson



From the collection of the British Museum



London

Printed by Wm. G. Smith, and sold by
all the Booksellers in London.
G. Smith, 10, St. Dunstons Lane.

1820.

TO
THE TRVELY
NOBLE, BY ALL
TITLES,

Sir Francis Stuart:

SIR,



I hope is not so nourish'd by example, as it will conclude, this dumbe peece should please you, by cause it hath pleas'd others before: but by trust, that when you haue read it, you will find it worthy to haue dis-pleas'd none. This makes, that I now number you, not only in the Names of fauour, but the Names of iustice, to what I write; and doe, presently, call you to the exercise of that noblest, and manlyest vertue: as coueting rather to be freed in my fame, by the authoritie of a Iudge, then the credit of an Vndertaker. Reade therefore, I pray you, and censure. There is not a line, or syllable in it changed from the simplicitie of the first Copie. And, when you shall consider, through the certaine hatred of some, how much a mans innocency may bee indanger'd by an vncertaine accusation; you will, I doubt not, so beginnie to hate the iniquitie of such natures, as I shall loue the contumely done me, whose end was so honorable, as to be wip'd off by your sentence.

Your vnprofitable, but true louer,

BEN. IONSON.

The Persons of the Play.

Morose, *A Gentleman that loves no noyse.*
Daup. Eugenie, *A Knight, his nephew.*
Clerimont, *A Gentleman, his friend.*
True-wit, *Another friend.*
Epiccene, *A yong Gent. suppos'd the silent Woman.*
Ioh. Daw, *A Knight, her servant.*
Amorous la Foole, *A Knight also.*
Thom. Otter, *A land, and sea Captayne.*
Cutberd, *A Barber.*
Mute, *One of Morose his servants.*
Mad. Haughty, }
Mad. Centaure, } *Ladies Collegiates.*
M^{rs}. Maus. }
M^{rs}. Trusty. | *The Lady Haughties woman.*
M^{rs}. Otter. | *The Captaynes wife. { Pretenders.*
Parson.
Pages.
Servants.

THE SCENE

LONDON.



E P I C O E N E,

OR

The silent Woman.

P R O L O G V E.



Ruth sayes, of old, the art of making Playes
Was to content the people; and their prayse
Was to the *Poet* money, wine, and bayes.
But in this age, a sect of Writers are,
That, onely, for particular likings care,
And will taste nothing that is popular.

With such we mingle neither braynes, nor breasts;
Our wishes, like to those (make publike feasts)
Are not to please the *Cookes* tastes, but the guests.
Yet, if those cunning palates hether come,
They shall find guests entreatie, and good roome;
And though all relish not, sure, there will be some,
That, when they leaue their seates, shall make 'hem say,
Who wrote that piece, could so haue wrote a Play:
But that, he knew, this was the better way.
For, to present all Custard, or all Tart,
And haue no other meats, to beare a part,
Or to want bread, and salt, were but course art.
The *Poet* prayes you then, with better thought
To fit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,
Though there be none farre set, there will deare-bought

The Persons of the Play.

Morose, *A Gentleman that loves no noyse.*
 Daup. Eugenie, *A Knight, his nephew.*
 Clerimont, *A Gentleman, his friend.*
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THE SCENE

LONDON.



EPICOENE,

OR

The silent Woman.

PROLOGVE.



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Was to content the people; and their prayse
Was to the *Poet* money, wine, and bayes.
But in this age, a sect of Writers are,
That, onely, for particular likings care,
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For, to present all Custard, or all Tart,

And haue no other meats, to beare a part,

Or to want bread, and salt, were but course art.

The *Poet* prayes you then, with better thought

To sit; and, when his Cates are all in brought,

Though there be none farre set, there will deare-bought

The silent Woman.

Be fit for Ladies : some for Lords, Knights, Squires,
Some for your waiting wench, and Citie-wires,
Some for your men, and daughters of *White-Fryars*.
Nor is it, onely, while you keepe your seate
Here, that his feast will last; but you shall eate
A weeke at Ord'naries, on his broken meate :
If his *Muse* be true,
Who commends her to you.

Another.

THe ends of all, who for the *Scene* doe write,
Are, or should be, to profit, and delight.
And still 't hath beene the prayse of all best times,
So persons were not touch'd, to taxe the crimes.
Then, in this Play, which we present to night,
And make the obiect of your care, and sight,
On forfeit of your selues, thinke nothing true,
Lest so you make the maker to iudge you.
For he knowes, *Poet* neuer credit gain'd
By writing truths, but things (like truths) well fain'd.
If any, yet, will (with particular slight
Of application) wrest what he doth write;
And that he meant of him, or her, will say :
They make a Libell, which he made a Play.

Act I. Scene I.

Clorimont, Boy, True-wit.

HA' you got the Song yet perfect I ga' you, Boy?
Boy. Yes, Sir.

Cle. Let me heare it.

Boy. You shall, Sir, but i' faith let no body else.

Cle. Why, I pay ?

Boy. It will get you the dangerous name of a *Poet* in
Towne,

The silent Woman.

Towne, Sir, besides me a perfect deale of ill will at the Mansion you wot of, whose Ladie is the Argument of it : where now I am the welcom'st thing vnder a man that comes there.

Cle. I think, and about a man too, if the truth were rack'd out of you.

Boy. No faith, I'll confesse before, Sir. The Gentlewomen play with me, and throw me o' the bed; and carry me into my Lady; and shee kisses me with her oyl'd face; and puts a Peruke o' my head; and askes mee an' I will weare her Gowne; and I say, no : and then shee hits mee a blow o' the eare, and calls me Innocent, and lets me goe.

Cle. No maruell, if the doore bee kept shut against your Master, when the entrance is so easie to you--well Sir, you shall goe there no more, lest I bee faine to seeke your voice in my Ladies Rushes, a fortnight hence, Sing, Sir.

Boy sings.

Tru. Why, here's the man that can melt away his time, and neuer feeles it! what, betweene his Mistris abroad, and his Engle at home, high Fare, soft Lodging, fine Clothes, and his Fiddle; he thinkes the houres ha' no wings, or the day no Post-horse. Well, Sir Gallant, were you strooke with the Plague this minute, or condemn'd to any capitall punishment to morrow, you would beginne then to thinke, and value every Article o' your time, esteeme it at the true rate, and giue all for't.

Cle. Why, what should a man doe?

Tru. Why, nothing : or that, which when 'tis done, is as idle. Harken after the next Horse-race, or Hunting-match; lay Wagers, prayse *Puppy*, or *Pepper-corne*, *White-foot*, *Franklin*; *Hors* so swere vpon *White-maynes* party; sp:nd aloud, that my Lords the time may heare you; visit my Ladies at night, and bee able to giue 'hem the Character of euery Bowler, or Better o' the Greene. These be the things, wherein your fashionable men exercise themselves, and I for company.

Cle. Nay, if I haue thy authority, I'll not leaue yet. Come, the other are considerations, when wee come to haue gray heads, and weake hammes, moist eyes, and shrunke members.

The silent Woman.

bers. Wee'll thinke on 'hem then; then wee'll pray and fast.

Tru. I, and destine onely that time of age to goodnesse, which ou want of abilitie will not let vs employ in euill?

Cle. Why, then 'tis time enough.

Tru. Yes: as if a man should sleepe all the terme, and thinke to effect his businesse the last day. O, *Clerimont*, this time, because it is an incorporeall thing, and not subiect to sense, we mocke our selues the fineliest out of it, with vanity, and miserie indeed: not seeking an end of wretchednesse, but onely changing the matter still.

Cle. Nay, thou'lt not leaue now----

Tru. See but our common disease! with what Iustice can we complaine, that great men will not looke vpon vs, nor be at leisure to giue our affaires such dispatch, as wee expect, when we will neuer doe it to our selues: nor heare, nor regard our selues.

Cle. Foh, thou hast read *Plutarchs* Moralls, now, or some such tedious fellow; and it shewes so vilely with thee: 'Fore god, 'twill spoyle thy wit vtterly. Talke mee of Pinnes, and Feathers, and Ladies, and Rushes, and such things: and leaue this *Stoicitie* alone, till thou mak'st Sermons.

Tru. Well, Sir. If it will not take I haue learn'd to loose as little of my kindnesse, as I can. I'll doe good to no man against his will, certainly. When were you at the Colledge?

Cle. What Colledge?

Tru. As if you knew not!

Cle. No faith, I came bt from Court, yesterday.

Tru. Why, is it not arriu'd there yet, the newes? A new foundation, Sir, here i' the Towne, of Ladies, that call themselves the Collegiats, an order betweene Courtiers, and Country-Madames, that liue from their Husbands; and giue entertainment to all the *Wits*, and *Braueries* o' the time, as they call 'hem: cry downe, or vp, what they like, or dislike in a braine, or a fashion, with most masculine, or rather *Hermaphroditicall* authoritie: and, euery day, gaine to their Colledge some new Probationer.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. Who is the President?

Tru. The graue, and youthful Matron, the Lady *Haughy*.

Cle. A poxe of her autumnall face, her peece'd beautie: there's no man can be admitted till she be ready, now adaies, till she has painted, and perfum'd, and wash'd, and scourd, but the Boy here; and him shee wipes her oyl'd lips vpon, like a Sponge. I haue made a Song, I pray thee heare it, o' the subiect.

SONG.

*S*Till to be neat, still to be drest,

As, you were going to a Feast;

Still to be pou'dred, still perfum'd:

Lady, it is to be presum'd,

Though Arts hid causes are not found,

All is not sweet, all is not sound,

Giue me a looke, giue me a face,

That makes simplicity a grace;

Rokes loosely flowing, hayre as free:

Such sweet neglect more takeih mee,

Then all th' adulteries of Art.

They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Tru. And I am, cleerely, o' the other side: I loue a good Dressing, before any beautie o' the World. O, a woman is, then, like a delicate Garden; nor, is there one kind of it: she may varie, euery houre; take often counsell of her Glasse, and choose the best. If she haue good eares, shew 'hem; good haire, lay it out; good legges, weare short Clothes; a good Hand, discover it often; practise any Arte, to mend Breath, clense Teeth, repayre Eye-browes, paint, and professe it.

Cle. How? publikely?

Tru. The doing of it, not the manner: that must bee priuate. Many things, that seeme foule, i' the doing, doe please, done. A Lady should, indeed, studie her face, when

we thinke shee sleepest: nor, when the doores are shut, should men be inquiring, all is sacred within, then. Is it for vs to see their Perrukes put on, their false Teeth, their Complexion, their Eye-browes, their Nailer? you see guilders will not worke, but inclos'd. They must not discouer, how little serue, with the helpe of arte, to adorne a great deale. How long did the Canuas hang afore *Ald-gate*? were the people suffer'd to see the Cities *Loue*, and *Charitie*, while they were rude stone, before they were painted, and burnish'd? No. No more should Seruants approch their Mistresses, but when they are compleat, and finish'd.

Cle. Well said, my *True-mit.*

Tru. And a wise Ladie will keepe a guard alwayes vpon the place, that she may doe things securely. I once followed a rude fellow into a Chamber, where the poore Madame, for haste, and troubled, snatch'd at her Perruke, to couer her baldnesse: and put it on, the wrong way.

Cle. O prodigie!

Tru. And the vn-conscionable Knaue held her in Complement an houre, with that reuerst face, when I still look'd when she should talke from the t'other side.

Cle. Why, thou should'st ha' releeu'd her.

Tru. No faith, I let her alone, as wee'll let this argument, if you please, and passe to another, When saw you *Dauphine*, *Eugenie*?

Cle. Not these three dayes. Shall we goe to him this morning? he is very melancholique, I heare.

Tru. Sicke o' the Vncle? is hee? I met that stiffe peece of Formalitie, his Vncle, yesterday, with a huge Turbant of Night-Caps on his head, buckled ouer his eares.

Cle. O, that's his custome when he walkes abroad. Hee can endure no noyse, man.

Tru. So I haue heard. But is the disease so ridiculous in him, as it is made? they say, hee has beene vpon diuers Treaties with the Fish-wiues, and Orenge-women; and Articles pro-

The silent Woman.

propounded betweene them: marry, the Chimney-sweepers will not be drawne in.

Cle. No, nor the Broome-men: They stand out stiffely. Hee cannot endure a Costard-monger, hee swounes if hee heare one.

Tru. Methinkes, a Smith should be ominous.

Cle. Or any Hammer-man. A Brasier is not suffer'd to dwell in the Parish, nor an Armorer. He would haue hang'd a Pewterers' prentice once vp on a Shroue-tuesdaies Ryot, for being o' that Trade, when the rest were quit.

Tru. A Trumpet should fright him terribly, or the Hau'-boyes?

Cle. Out of his senses. The Waights of the Citie haue a Pension of him, not to come neere that Ward. This Youth praedis'd on him, one night, like the Bell-man; and neuer left till hee had brought him downe to the doore, with a Long-Sword: and there left him flourishing with the Ayre.

Boy. Why, Sir! hee hath chosen a street to lye in, so narrow at both ends, that it will receiue no Coaches, nor Carts, nor any of these common noyses: and therefore, wee that loue him, deuise to bring him in such as wee may, now and then, for his exercise, to breath him. Hee would grow restie else in his ease. His Vertue would rust without action. I entreated a Beare-ward, one day, to come downe with the Dogges of some foure Parishes that way, and I thanke him, he did; and cryed his Games vnder Master *Morose's* windore; till hee was sent crying away, with his head made a most bleding Spectacle to the multitude. And, another time, a Fencer, marching to his Prize, had his Drumme most tragically runne thorow, for taking that street in his way, at my request.

Tru. A good Wagge. How do's he for the Bells?

Cle. O, i' the Queenes time, he was woont to goe out of Towne euery Satterday at ten a clocke, or on Holy-day-eues. But now, by reason of the sicknesse, the perpetuitie of ringing has made him deuise a roome, with double walles, and
tee-

The silent Woman.

treble feelings; the windores close shut, and call'd: and there he liues by Candle-light. Hee turn'd away a man last weeke, for hauing a paire of new-Shooes, that creak'd. And this fellow wayts on him now, in Tennis-court Sockes, or Slippers sol'd with Wooll: and they talke each to other, in a Trunke. See who comes here.

Act I. Scene II.

Dauphine, Tru-mit, Clerimont.

HOW now! what aile you Sirs? dumbe?

Tru. Strooke into stone almost, I am here, with Tales o' thine Vncle! There was neuer such a Prodigie heard of.

Daup. I would you would once loose this subiect, my masters, for my sake. They are such as you are, that haue brought me into that predicament, I am, with him.

Tru. How is that?

Daup. Marry, that he will dis-inherit mee, no more. Hee thinks, I, and my companie are Authours of all the ridiculous Acts, and Moniments are told of him.

Tru. Slid, I would bee the Authour of more, to vexe him, that purpose deserues it: it giues thee law of plaguing him. I'll tell thee what I would doe. I would make a false Almanake; get it printed: and then ha' him drawne out on a Coronation day to the Tower-Wharfe, and kill him with the noyse of the Ordinance. Dis-inherit thee! hee cannot, man. Art not thou next of bloud, and his Sisters Sonne?

Daup. I but hee will thrust mee out of it, hee vowes, and marry.

Tru. How! that's a more portent. Can he endure no noise, and will venter on a Wife?

Cle. Yes: why, thou art a stranger, it seemes, to his best trick, yet. He has imployd a fellow this halfe yeere, all over England, to harken him out a dumbe woman; be she of any forme, or any qualitie, so shee be able to beare children: her silence is Dowrie enough, he sayes.

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. But, I trust to God, he has found none.

Cle. No, but he has heard of one that's lodg'd i' the next street to him, who is exceedingly soft-spoken; thrifty of her speech; that spends but sixe words a day. And her he's about now, and shall haue her.

Tru. Is't possible! who is his agent i' the businesse?

Cle. Marry, a Barber, one *Cut-berd*: an honest fellow, one that tels *Dauphine* all here.

Tru. Why, you oppresse me with wonder! A woman, and a Barber, and loue no noyse!

Cle. Yes faith. The fellow trims him silently, and has not the knacke with his Sheeres, or his fingers: and that continence in a Barber hee thinkes so eminent a vertue, as it has made him chiefe of his counsell.

Tru. Is the Barber to be seene? or the Wench?

Cle. Yes, that they are.

Tru. I pray thee, *Dauphine*, let's goe thither.

Daup. I haue some businesse now: I cannot i' faith.

Tru. You shall haue no businesse shall make you neglect this, Sir, wee'll make her raske, beleue it; or if she will not, wee can giue out, at least so much as shall interrupt the Treaty: we will breake it. Thou art bound in conscience, when he suspects thee without cause, to torment him.

Daup. Not I, by any meanes. I'll giue no suffrage to't. Hee shall neuer ha' that plea against mee, that I oppos'd the least phant'sie of his. Let it lye vpon my Starres to be guilty, I'll be innocent.

Tru. Yes, and be poore, and begge; doe, innocent: when some Groome of his has got him an Heire, or this Barber, if he himselfe cannor. Innocent! I pray thee, *Ned*, where lyes she? let him be innocent, still.

Cle. Why, right ouer against the Barbers; in the house, where *Sir Iohn Daw* lyes.

Tru. You doe not meane to confound me!

Cle. Why?

Tru. Do's he, that would marry her, know so much?

The silent Woman.

Cle. I cannot tell.

Tru. 'Twere enough of imputation to her, with him.

Cle. Why?

Tru. The onely talking Sir i' the Towne! *Jack Daw!* And hee teach her not to speake—God b'w'you. I haue some businesse too.

Cle. Will you not goe thether then?

Tru. Not with the danger to meete *Daw*, for mine cares.

Cle. Why? I thought you two had beene vpon very good termes.

Tru. Yes, of keeping distance.

Cle. They say, he is a very good Scholler.

Tru. I, and he sayes it first. A poxe on him, a fellow that pretends onely to Learning, buyes Titles, and nothing else of Bookes in him.

Cle. The World reports him to be very learned.

Tru. I am sorry, the World should so conspire to belye him.

Cle. Good faith, I haue heard very good things come from him.

Tru. You may. There's none so desperately ignorant to denie that; would they were his owne. God b'w'you, Gentlemen.

Cle. This is very abrupt!

Act I. Scene III.

Dauphine, Clerimont, Boy.

COME, you are a strange open man, to tell euery thing, thus.

Cle. Why, belceue it *Dauphine*, *True-wit's* a very honest fellow.

Daup. I thinke no other: but this franke nature of his is not for secrets.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. Nay, then, you are mistaken *Dauphine*: I know where he has beene well trusted, and discharg'd the trust very truly, and heartily.

Daup. I contend not, *Ned*, but, with the fewer a busines is carried, it is euer the safer. Now we are alone, if you'll goe thether, I am for you.

Cle. When were you there?

Daup. Last night: and such a *decameron* of sport fallen out! *Boccace* neuer thought of the like. *Daw* do's nothing but court her; and the wrong way. He would lye with her, and praises her Modesty; desires that shee would talke, and bee free, and commends her silence in Verses: which hee reades, and sweares, are the best that euer man made. Then railes at his fortunes, stamps, and Mutines, why hee is not made a Counsellor, and call'd to affaires of State.

Cle. I pray thee let's go. I would faine partake this. Some water, Boy.

Daup. Wee are invited to Dinner together, hee and I, by one that came thether to him, Sir *La-Foole*.

Cle. O, that's a precious Mannikin!

Daup. Doe you know him?

Cle. I, and he will know you too, if ere hee saw you but once, though you should meete him at Church in the midst of Prayers. He is one of the *Braneries*, though he be none of the *Wits*. Hee will salute a Iudge ypon the Bench, and a Bishop in the Pulpit, a Lawyer when he is pleading at the Bar, and a Lady when shee is dauncing in a Masque, and put her out. He do's giue Playes, and Suppers, and inuites his guests to 'hem, aloud, out of his windore, as they ride by in Coaches. He has a Lodging in the *Strand* for the purpose. Or to watch when Ladies are gone to the *China* houses, or the *Exchange*, that he may meet 'hem by chance, and giue 'hem Presents, some two or three hundred pounds-worth of toyes, to be laught at. He is neuer without a spare Banquet, or Sweetmeates in his Chamber, for their women to alight at, and come vp to, for a bait.

The silent Woman.

Daup. Excellent ! He was a fine youth last night, but now he is much finer ! what is his christen-name ? I ha' forgot.

Cle. Sir *Amorous La-foole.*

Boy. The Gentleman is here below, that ownes that name.

Cle. Hart, hee's come, to inuite mee to Dinner, I hold my life.

Daup. Like enough : pray thee, let's ha' him vp.

Cle. Boy, marshall him.

Boy. With a Truncheon, Sir?

Cle. Away, I beseech you. Ile make him tell vs his Pedegree, now ; and what meate hee has to Dinner ; and, who are his Guests ; and, the whole course of his fortunes : with a breath.

Act I. Scene IIII.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Dauphine.

S'Aue, deare Sir *Dauphine*, honor'd Master *Clerimont.*

Cle. Sir *Amorous* ! you haue very much honored my Lodging, with your presence.

La-f. Good faith it is a fine Lodging ! almost, as delicate a Lodging, as mine.

Cle. Not so, Sir.

La-f. Excuse me, Sir, if it were i'the *Strand*, I assure you. I am come, Master *Clerimont*, to entreat you wait vpon two or three Ladies, to dinner, to day.

Cle. How, Sir ! wait vpon 'hem ? did you euer see me carrie Dishes ?

La-f. No, Sir, dispence with mee ; I meant, to beare 'hem company.

Cle. O, that I will, Sir. The doubtfulnessse o' your phrase, belecue it, Sir, would breed you a quarrell ; once an houre, with the terrible Boyes, if you should but keepe them fellowship a day.

La-f.

The silent Woman.

La-f. It should be extremely against my will, Sir, if I contested with any man.

Cle. I beleene it, Sir; where hold you your Feast?

La-f. At *Tom Otters*, Sir.

Daup. *Tom Otter*? what's he?

La-f. Captaine *Otter*, Sir; he is a kind of Gamester: but he has had command, both by Sea, and by Land.

Daup. O, then he is *animal amphibium*?

La-f. I, Sir: his Wife was the rich *China*-woman, that the Courtiers visited so often, that gaue the rare entertaynement. She commands all at home.

Cle. Then, she is Captaine *Otter*?

La-f. You say very well, Sir: she is my Kins-woman, a *La-Foole* by the Mother side, and will inuite, any great Ladies, for my sake.

Daup. Not of the *La-Fooles* of *Essex*?

La-f. No, Sir, the *La-Fooles* of *London*.

Cle. Now, h'is in.

La-f. They all come out of our House, the *La-fooles* o' the North, the *La-fooles* o' the West, the *La-Fooles* of the East, and South—wee are as ancient a Family, as any is in *Europe*—but I my selfe am descended lineally of the *French La-Fooles*—and, wee doe beare for our Coat *Yellow*, or *Or*, checker'd *Azure*, and *Gules*, and some three or foure Colours more, which is a very noted Coate, and has, sometimes beene solemnely worne by diuers Nobilitie of our House—but let that goe, Antiquity is not respected now—I had a brace of fat Does sent mee, Gentlemen, and halfe a dosen of Pheasants, a dosen ortwo of Godwits, and some other Fowle, which I would haue eaten, while they are good, and in good company—there will bee a grat Lady, or two, my Lady *Haughty*, my Lady *Centaure*, Mistris *Dol Manus*—and they come a purpose, to see the silent Gentlewoman, Mistris *Epicoene*, that honest Sir *Iohn Daw* has promis'd to bring thether—and then, Mistris *Trusty*, my Ladies Woman, will be there too, and this Honourable

The silent Woman.

Knight, Sir *Dauphine*, with your selfe, Master *Clerimont*—
and wee'll be very merry, and haue Fiddlers, and daunce—I
haue beene a madde Wag, in my time, and haue spent some
Crownes since I was a Page in Court, to my Lord *Lofty*, and
after, my Ladies Gentleman-vsher, who got me knighted in
Ireland, since it pleas'd my elder Brother to dye—I had as
faire a gold Jerkin on that day, as any was worne in the *I-*
land-Voyage, or at *Caliz*, none disprays'd, and I came ouer
in it hither, shew'd my selfe to my friends, in Court, and af-
ter went downe to my Tenants, in the Countrey, and sur-
uai'd my Lands, let new Leases, tooke their Money, spent it
in the eye o' the Land here, vpon Ladies—and now I can
take vp at my pleasure.

Daup. Can you take vp Ladies, Sir?

Cle. O, let him breathe, he has not recouer'd.

Daup. Would I were your halfe, in that commoditie—

La-f. No, Sir, excuse mee: I meant Money, which can
take vp any thing. I haue another Guest, or two, to inuite,
and say as much to, Gentlemen. I'll take my leaue abruptly,
in hope you will not faile—Your Seruant.

Daup. Wee will not faile you, Sir precious *La-Foole*; but
she shall, that your Ladies come to see: if I haue credit, a-
fore Sir *Daw*.

Cle. Did you euer heare such a Wind-fucker, as this?

Daup. Or, such a Rooke, as the other! that will betray his
Mistris, to be seene. Come, 'tis time, we preuented it.

Cle. Goe.

Act II. Scene I.

Morose, Mute.

Cannot I, yet, finde out a more compendious method,
then by this Trunke, to saue my Seruants the labour of
speech, and mine eares, the discord of sounds? Let me see:
all Discourses, but mine owne, afflict mee, they seeme harsh,

im-

The silent Woman.

impertinent, and irkeſome. Is it not poſſible, that thou ſhould'ſt anſwere me, by Signes, and, I apprehend thee, fellow? ſpeake not, though I queſtion you. You haue taken the Ring, off from the ſtreet doore, as I bad you? anſwere mee not, by ſpeech, but by ſilence; vnleſſe, it be otherwiſe (—) very good. And, you haue faſtened on a thick quilt, or flock-bed, on the out-ſide of the doore; that if they knocke with their Daggers, or with Brick-bats, they can make no noyſe? but with your legge, your anſwere, vnleſſe it bee otherwiſe (—) very good. This is not, onely, fit modeſtie in a Seruant, but good ſtate, and diſcretion in a Maſter. And you haue beene with *Cutberd*, the Barber, to haue him come to mee? (—) good. And, hee will come preſently? anſwere mee not but with your legge, vnleſſe it bee otherwiſe: if it bee otherwiſe, ſhake your head, or ſhrugge (—) ſo. Your *Italian*, and *Spaniard*, are wiſe in theſe! and it is a frugall, and comely grauitie. How long will it bee, ere *Cutberd* come? ſtay, if an houre, hold vp your whole hand; if halfe an houre, two fingers; if a quarter, one; (—) good: halfe a quarter? 'tis well. And haue you giuen him a Key, to come in without knocking? (—) good. And, is the Lock oyld, and the Hinges, to day? (—) good. And the Quilting of the ſtayres no where worne out, and bare (—) very good. I ſee, by much doctrine, and impulſion, it may be effected: ſtand by. The *Turke*, in this diuine diſcipline, is admirable, exceeding all the Potentates of the Earth; ſtill waited on by Mutes; and all his Commands ſo executed; yea, euen in the Warre (as I haue heard) and in his Marches, moſt of his Charges, and directions, given by Signes, and with ſilence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily aſham'd, and angry oftentimes, that the Princes of *Chriſtendome*, ſhould ſuffer a *Barbarian*, to transcend 'hem in ſo high a point of felicitie. I will practiſe it, hereafter. How now? oh! oh! what Villaine? what Prodigie of Mankinde is that? looke. Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat: what Murderer, Hell-hound, Deuill can this be?

At the bra
ches, ſtill
the fellow
makes leg
or ſignes

One wind
a Horne
without
Again.

Mut.

The Silent Woman.

Mut. It is a Post from the Court——

Mor. Out Rogue, and must thou blow thy Horne, too?

Mut. Alas, it is a Post from the Court, Sir, that sayes, hee must speake with you, paine of death——

Mor. Paine of thy life, be silent.

Act II. Scene II.

True-wit, Morose, Cutberd.

BY your leaue, Sir (I am a stranger here) is your name, Master *Morose*? is your name, Master *Morose*? Fishes! *Pythagoreans* all! this is strange! What say you, Sir, nothing? Has *Harpocrates* been here, with his Club, among you? well Sir, I will beleue you to be the man, at this time: I will venter vpon you, Sir. Your friends at Court commend 'hem to you, Sir——

(*Mor.* O men! O manners! was there euer such an impudence?)

Tru. And are extremely sollicitous for you, Sir.

Mor. Whose Knaue are you!

Tru. Mine owne Knaue, and your Compere, Sir.

Mor. Fetch me my Sword——

Tru. You shall taste the one halfe of my Dagger, if you do (Groome) and you, the other, if you stirre, Sir: be patient, I charge you, in the Kings Name, and heare me without insurrection. They say, you are to marrie? to marry! doe you marke, Sir?

Mor. How then, rude companion!

Tru. Marry, your friends doe wonder, Sir, the *Thames* being so neere, wherein you may drowne so handsomely; or *London-bridge*, at a low fall, with a fine leape, to hurry you downe the streame; or, such a delicate Steeple, i' the Towne, as *Bow*, to vault from; or, a brauer height, as *Pauls*, or, if you affected to doe it neerer home, and a shorter way, an excellent Garret Windore, into the street; or, a Beame, in the said Gar-

The silent Woman.

Garret, with this Halter; which they haue sent, and desire, Hee shew
him a hal that you would sooner commit your graue head to this knot, then to the Wed-locke nooze; or, take a little Sublimate, and goe out of the World, like a Rat; or a Flye (as one said) with a Straw i' your Arse: any way, rather, then to follow this Goblin *Marrimonie*. Alas, Sir, doe you euer thinke to find a chaste Wife, in these times? now? when there are so many Masques, Playes, Puritane Preachings, Mad-folkes, and other strange sights to be seene daily, priuate and publique? if you had liu'd in King *Etheldred's* time, Sir, or *Edward the Confessors*, you might, perhaps haue found in some cold Countrey-Hamlet, then, a dull frostie Wench, would haue beene contented with one man: now, they will as soone be pleas'd with one legge, or one eye. I'll tell you, Sir, the monstrous hazards you shall runne with a Wife.

Mor. Good Sir! haue I euer cosen'd any friends of yours of their Land? bought their Possessions? taken forfeit of their Morgage? begg'd a Reuerſion from 'hem? bastarded their Issue? what haue I done, that may deserue this?

Tru. Nothing, Sir, that I know, but your itch of Marriage.

Mor. Why? if I had made an Affassinate vpon your Father; vitiated your Mother; rauished your Sisters —

Tru. I would kill you, Sir, I would kill you, if you had.

Mor. Why? you doe more in this, Sir: It were a vengeance centuple, for all facinorous Acts, that could be nam'd, to doe that you doe —

Tru. Alas, Sir, I am but a Messenger: I but tell you, what you must heare. It seemes, your friends are carefull after your soules health, Sir, and would haue you know the danger (but you may doe your pleasure, for all them, I perswade not, Sir) If, after you are marryed, your Wife doe run away with a Vaulter, or the *Frenchman* that walkes vpon Ropes, or him that daunces the Igg, or a Fencer for his skill at his Weapon, why it is not their fault; they haue discharged their consciences: when you know what may happen. Nay,

The silent Woman.

suffer valiantly, Sir, for I must tell you, all the perils that you are obnoxious too. If shee be faire, and young, vegetous, no Sweet-meates euer drew more Flyes; all the Yellow Doublets, and great Roses i' the Towne will bee there. If foule, and crooked, shee'll bee with them, and buy those Doublets and Roses, Sir. If rich, and that you marry her Dowry, not her; shee'll raigne in your House, as imperious as a Widow. If Noble, all her Kindred will be your Tyrannes. If fruitfull, as prond as *May*, and humorous as *April*; she must haue her Doctors, her Mid-wiues, her Nurses, her longings euerie houre: though it be for the dearest morsell of man. If learned, there was neuer such a Parrat; all your Patrimonie will be too little for the Guests, that must be inuited, to heare her speake *Latine* and *Greeke*: and you must lye with her in those Languages too, if you will please her. If precise, you must feast all the silenc'd Brethren, once in three dayes; salute the Sisters; entertayne the whole Family, or Wood of 'hem; and heare long-winded Exercises, Singings, and Catechisings, which you are not giuen to, and yet must giue for: to please the zealous Matron your Wife, who, for the holy cause, will cosen you, euer and aboue. You begin to sweat, Sir? but this is not halfe, i' faith: you may doe your pleasure notwithstanding, as I said before, I come not to perswade you. Vpon my faith, Master Seruingman, if you doe stirre, I will beate you.

be Mute
stealing
way.

Mor. O, what is my sinne! what is my sinne?

Tru. Then, if you loue your Wife, or rather, dote on her, Sir: O, how shee'll torture you! and take pleasure i' your torments! you shall lye with her but when shee lists; shee will not hurt her beauty, her complexion; or it must bee for that Iewell, or that Pearle, when shee do's; euerie halfe houres pleasure must be bought anew: and with the same paine, and charge, you woo'd her at first. Then, you must keepe what Seruants she please; what company shee will; that friend must not visit you without her licence; and him shee loues most shee will seeme to hate eagerliest, to decline your

The silent Woman.

iealousie; or, faigne to bee iealous of you first; and for that cause goe liue with her she-friend, or Cosen at the Colledge, that can instruct her in all the Mysteries, of writing Letters, corrupting Seruants, taming Spyes; where shee must haue that rich Gowne for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be seru'd in siluer; haue the Chamber fill'd with a succession of Groomes, Foot-men, Vshers, and other Messengers; besides Embroyderers, Jewellers, Tyre-women, Sempsters, Fether-men, Perfumers; while shee feesles not how the Land drops away; nor the Acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the Mercer has your Woods for her Veluets; neuer weighes what her Pride costs, Sir: so she may kisse a Page, or a smooth chinne, that has the despayre of a Beard; be a States-woman, know all the Newes, what was done at *Salisbury*, what at the *Bath*, what at Court, what in Progresse; or, so shee may censure *Poets*, and Authors, and stiles, and compare' hem, *Daniel* with *Spenser*, *Iohnson* with the tother youth, and so forth; or, be thought cunning in Controuersies, or the very knots of Diuinitie; and haue, often in her mouth, the state of the question: and then skip to the *Mathematiques*, and demonstration and answer, in Religion to one; in state, to another, in baud'ry to a third.

Mor. O, ô!

Tru. All this is very true, Sir. And then her going in disguise to that Coniurer, and this cunning woman: where the first question is, how soone you shall die? next, if her present Seruant loue her? next that, if she shall haue a new Seruant? and how many? which of her Family would make the best Baud, Male, or Female? what precedence she shall haue by her next match? and sets downe the answers, and beleeues 'hem aboute the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps shee'll study the Art.

Mor. Gentle Sir, ha'you done? ha'you had your pleasure o' me? I'll thinke of these things.

The Silent Woman:

Tru. Yes Sir: and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lyes in, a moneth, of a new face, all Oyle, and Bird-lime; and rises in Asses Milke, & is clens'd with a new *fucus*: God b'w'you, Sir. One thing more (which I had almost forgot.) This too, with whom you are to marry, may haue made a conuayance of her Virginitie afore-hand, as your wise Widdowes doe of their states, before they marry, in trust to some friend, Sir: who can tell? or if she haue not done it yet, she may doe, vpon the Wedding day, or the night before, and antidate you Cuckold. The like has bin heard of, in nature. 'Tis no deu's'd impossible thing, Sir. God b'w'you: I'll be bold to leaue this Rope with you, Sir, for a remembrance. Farewell *Mute*.

the Horne
sine.

Mor. Come, ha' mee to my Chamber: but first shut the doore. O, shut the doore, shut the doore: Is he come again?

Cut. 'Tis I, Sir, your Barber.

Mor. O *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*, *Cutberd*! here has beene a cut-throate with me: helpe me in to my bed, and giue me Physick with thy counsell.

Act II. Scene III.

Daw, Clerimont, Dauphine, Epicæne.

NAy, and she will, let her refuse, at her owne charges: 'tis nothing to me, Gentlemen. But she will not be invited to the like Feasts, or Guests, euery day.

dis-
le her,
ately.

Cle. O, by no meanes, shee may not refuse—to stay at home, if you loue your reputation: 'Slight, you are invited thither o' purpose to bee seene, and laught at by the Lady of the Colledge, and her shadowes. This Trumpeter hath proclym'd you.

Daup. You shall not goe; let him bee laught at in your stead, for not bringing you: and put him to his extemporell facultie of fooling, and talking loud to satisfie the company.

Cle. He will suspect vs, talke aloud. Pray, *Mistris Epicæne*, let's

The silent Woman.

let's see your Verses ; wee haue Sir *Iohn Daw's* leaue : doe not conceale your Seruants merit, and your owne glories.

Epi. They'll prooue my Seruants glories , if you haue his leaue so soone.

Dawp. His vaine glories, Ladie !

Daw. Shew 'hem, shew 'hem, Mistris, I dare owne 'hem.

Epi. Iudge you, what glories ?

Daw. Nay, I'll reade 'hem my selfe, too : an Author must recite his owne Worke. It is a *Madrigall* of Modestie.

*Modest, and faire, for faire and good are neere
Neighbours, how ere. —*

Dawp. Very good.

Cle. I, Is't not ?

Daw. No noble vertue euer was alone,
But two in one.

Dawp. Excellent !

Cle. That againe, I pray 'Sir *Iohn*.

Dawp. It has something in't like rare wit, and sense.

Cle. Peace.

Daw. No noble vertue euer was alone,
But two in one.

*Then, when I prayse sweet Modestie, I prayse
Bright Beauties rayes :*

*And hauing pray'd both Beauty and Modestee,
I haue pray'd thee.*

Dawp. Admirable !

Cle. How it chimes, and cryes tinke i' the close, diuinely !

Dawp. I, 'tis *Seneca*.

Cle. No, I thinke 'tis *Plutarch*.

Daw. The dor on *Plutarch*, and *Seneca*, I hate it : they are mine owne imaginations, by that light. I wonder those fellows haue such credit with Gentlemen !

Cle. They are very graue Authors.

Daw. Graue Asses ! meere *Essaists* ! a few loose Sentences, and that's all. A man would talke so, his whole age, I

The silent Woman.

doe vtter as good things euery houre, if they were collected, and obseru'd, as either of 'hem.

Daup. Indeed! Sir *Iohn*?

Cle. Hee must needes, liuing among the *Wits*, and *Braueries* too.

Daup. I, and being President of 'hem, as he is.

Daw. There's *Aristotle*, a mere common place-fellow; *Plato*, a Discourser; *Thucydides*, and *Linie*, tedious and drie; *Tacitus*, an entyre knot: sometimes worth the vntying, very seldome.

Cle. What doe you thinke of the *Poets*, Sir *Iohn*?

Daw. Not worthy to be nam'd for Authors. *Homer*, an old tedious prolix Ass, talkes of Curriers, and Chines of Beefe. *Virgil*, of dunging of Land, and Bees. *Horace*, of I know not what.

Cle. I thinke so.

Daw. And so *Pindarus*, *Lycophron*, *Anacreon*, *Catullus*, *Seneca* the Tragædian, *Lucan*, *Propertius*, *Tibullus*, *Martiall*, *Iuuenal*, *Ausonius*, *Statius*, *Politian*, *Valerius Flaccus*, and the rest—

Cle. What a sacke-full of their names he has got!

Daup. And how he powres 'hem out! *Politian*, with *Valerius Flaccus*!

Cle. Was not the Character right, of him?

Daup. As could be made, i'faith.

Daw. And *Persius*, a crabbed Cockescombe, not to bee endur'd.

Daup. Why? whom doe you account for Authors, Sir *Iohn Daw*?

Daw. *Syntagma Iuris Civilis*, *Corpus Iuris Civilis*, *Corpus Iuris Canonici*, the King of Spaines Bible.

Daup. Is the King of Spaines Bible an Author?

Cle. Yes, and *Syntagma*.

Daup. What was that *Syntagma*, Sir?

Daw. A Ciuill Lawier, a Spaniard.

Daup.

The silent Woman.

Daup. Sure, *Corpus* was a Dutch-man.

Cle. I, both the *Corpusses*, I knew 'hem : they were verie corpulent Authors.

Daw. And, then there's *Vatablus*, *Pomponatius*, *Symancha*, the other are not to bee receiu'd, within the thought of a Scholler.

Daup. Fore God, you haue a simple learn'd Seruant, Ladie, in Titles.

Cle. I wonder that hee is not called to the Helme, and made a Councillor !

Daup. He is one extraordinary.

Cle. Nay, but in Ordinarie ! to say truth, the State wants such.

Daup. Why, that will follow.

Cle. I muse, a Mistris can bee so silent to the dotes of such a Seruant.

Daw. 'Tis her Vertue, Sir. I haue written somewhat of her silence too.

Daup. In Verse, Sir *Iohn* ?

Cle. What else ?

Daup. Why ? how can you iustifie your owne being of a Poet, that so slight all the old Poets ?

Daw. Why ? euery man, that writes in Verse, is not a Poet ; you haue of the *Wits*, that write Verses, and yet are no Poets : they are Poets that liue by it, the poore fellowes that liue by it.

Daup. Why ? would not you liue by your Verses, Sir *Iohn* ?

Cle. No, 'twere pittie he should. A Knight liue by his Verses ? he did not make 'hem to that end, I hope.

Daup. And yet the noble *Sidney* liues by his, and the Noble Family not asham'd.

Cle. I, he profest himselfe ; but Sir *Iohn Daw* has more caution : hee'll not hinder his owne rising ; the State so much ! doe you thinke he will ? Your Verses, good Sir *Iohn*, and no Poems.

Daw. Silence in woman, is like speech in man,
Deny't who can. *Daup.*

The silent Woman.

Daup. Not I, belecue it : your reason, Sir.

Daup.

Nor i't a Tale,

*That Female Vice should be a Vertue Male,
Or Masculine Vice, a Female Vertue be :*

You shall it see

Prou'd with increase,

I know to speake, and she to hold her peace.

Doe you conceiue me Gentlemen?

Daup. No faith, how meane you with increase, Sir John?

Daw. Why, with increase is, when I court her for the common cause of Mankind; and she sayes nothing, but *consentire videtur* : and in time is *grauida*.

Daup. Then, this is a Ballad of Procreation?

Cle. A Madrigall of Procreation, you mistake.

Epi. Pray giue me my Verses againe, Seruant.

Daw. If you you'll aske 'hem aloud, you shall.

Cle. See, here's *Tru-wit* againe!

Act II. Scene IIII.

*Clerimont, Tru-wit, Dauphine, Cutberd, Daw,
Epicæne.*

WHere hast thou beene, in the name of madnesse!
thus accoutred with thy Horne?

Tru. Where the sound of it might haue pierc'd your senses, with gladnesse, had you beene in care-reach of it. *Dauphine*, fall downe and worship me : I haue forbid the Banes, *Lad.* I haue beene with thy vertuous Vncle, and haue broke the match.

Daup. You ha'not, I hope.

Tru. Yes faith; and thou shouldst hope otherwise, I should repent me : this Horne got mee entrance, kisse it. I had no other way to get in, but by fayning to be a Post; but when I got in once, I prou'd none, but rather the contrary, turn'd him into a Post, or a Stone, or what is stiffer, with
thun-

The silent Woman.

thundring into him the incommodities of a Wife, and the miseries of Marriage. If euer *Gorgon* were seene in the shape of a woman, he hath seene her in my description. I haue put him off o' that sent, for euer. Why doe you not applaud, and adore me, Sirs? why stand you mute? Are you stupid? you are not worthy o' the benefit.

Damp. Did not I tell you? mischiese! —

Cle. I would you had plac'd this benefit somewhere else.

Tru. Why so?

Cle. Slight you haue done the most inconsiderate, rash, weake thing, that euer man did to his friend.

Damp. Friend! if the most malicious enemy I haue, had studied to inflict an iniury vpon mee, it could not bee a greater.

Tru. Wherein? for gods sake! Gent. come to your selues againe.

Damp. But I presag'd thus much afore, to you.

Cle. Would my lips had beene soldred, when I spake on't. Slight, what mou'd you to be thus impertinent?

Tru. My Masters, doe not put on this strange face to pay my courtesie: off with this Visor. Haue good turnes done you, and thanke hem this way?

Damp. Fore Heau'n, you haue vndone me. That, which I haue plotted for, and beene maturing now these foure Moneths, you haue blasted in a minute: now I am lost, I may speake. This Gentlewoman was lodg'd here by mee o' purpose, and to be put vpon my Vncle, hath profest this obstinate silence for my sake, being my entyre friend; and one, that for the requicall of such a fortune, as to marry him, would haue made me very ample conditions: where now, all my hopes are vtterly miscarried by this vnlucky accident.

Cle. Thus 'tis, when a man will be ignorantly officious; doe seruises, and not know his why: I wonder what curious itch possess'd you! you neuer did a blunder part i' your life, nor a greater trespassse to friendship, to humanitie.

Damp. Faith, you may forgiue it, best: 'twas your cause principally.

E

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. I know it, would it had not.

Daup. How now, *Cutberd*? what newes?

Cut. The best, the happiest that euer was, Sir. There has beene a mad Gentleman with your Vncle, this morning, (I thinke this be the Gentleman) that has almost talk'd him out of his wits, with threatning him from Marriage—

Daup. On, I pray thee.

Cut. And your Vncle, Sir, he thinkes 'twas done by your procurement; therefore he will see the partie, you wot of, presently: and if hee like her, hee sayes, and that shee be so inclining to dombe, as I haue told him, he sweares, hee will marry her, to day, instantly, and not deferre it a minute longer.

Daup. Excellent! beyond our expectation!

Tru. Beyond your expectation? by this light, I knew, it would be thus.

Daup. Nay, sweet *Tru-mit*, forgive me.

Tru. No, I was ignorantly officious, impertinent: this was the absurd, weake part.

Cle. Wilt thou ascribe that to merit, now, was meere fortune?

Tru. Fortune? meere Providence. Fortune had not a finger in't. I saw it must necessarily in nature fall out so: my *genius* is neuer false to me in these things. Shew mee, how it could be otherwise.

Daup. Nay, Gentlemen, contend not, 'tis well now.

Tru. Alasse, I let him goe on with inconsiderate, and rash, and what he pleas'd.

Cle. Away thou strange iustifier of thy selfe, to bee wiser then thou wert, by the event.

Tru. Event! By this light, thou shalt neuer perswade me, but I fore-saw it, as well as the Starrs themselves.

Daup. Nay, Gentlemen, 'tis well now: doe you two entertaine Sir *John Dow*, with discourse, while I send her away with instructions.

Tru. I'll be acquainted with her, first, by your fauour.

The silent Woman.

Cle. Master *Tru-wit*, Lady, a friend of ours.

Tru. I am sorry, I haue not knowne you sooner, Lady, to celebrate this rare vertue of your silence.

Cle. Faith, an' you had come sooner, you should ha' seene, and heard her well celebrated in Sir *John Daw's Madrigalls*.

Tru. *Iacke Daw*, God saue you, when saw you *La-Foole*?

Daw. Not since last night, Master *Tru-wit*.

Tru. That's Miracle! I thought you two had beene inseparable.

Daw. He's gone to inuite his Guests.

Tru. Gods so! tis true! what a false memory haue I towards that man! I am one: I met him e'ne now, vpon that he calls his delicate fine blacke Horse, rid into a foame, with posting from place to place, and person to person, to giue 'hem the cue—

Cle. Lest they should forget?

Tru. Yes: there was neuer poore Captaine tooke more paines at a Muster to show men, then hee, at this meale, to shew friends.

Daw. It is his Quarter-feast, Sir.

Cle. What! doe you say so, Sir *John*?

Tru. Nay, *Iacke Daw* will not be out, at the best friends he has, to the Talent of his wit: where's his Mistris, to heare and applaud him? is she gone!

Daw. Is Mistris *Epicæne* gone?

Cle. Gone afore, with Sir *Dauphine*, I warrant to the place.

Tru. Gone afore! that were a manifest iniurie; a disgrace and a halfe: to refuse him at such a Festiuall time, as this, being a *Bravery*, and a *Wit* too.

Cle. Tut, hee'll swallow it like Creame: hee's better read in *Iure Ciuili*, then to esteeme any thing a disgrace is offer'd him from a Mistris.

Daw. Nay, let her eene goe; shee shall sit alone, and bee

The Silent Woman.

dumbe in her Chamber, a Weeke together; for *John Daw*, I warrant here, do's shee refuse me?

Cle. No, Sir, doe not take it so to heart: shee do's not refuse you, but a little neglect you. Good faith, *Tru-mit*, you were too blame to put it into his head, that shee do's refuse him.

Tru. Shee do's refuse him, Sir, palpably: how ever you mince it. An' I were as he, I would sweare to speake ne're a word to her, to day, for't.

Daw. By this light, no more I will not.

Tru. Nor to any body else, Sir.

Daw. Nay, I will not say so, Gentlemen.

Cle. It had beene an excellent happy condition for the company, if you could haue drawne him to it.

Daw. I'll be very melancholique, i'faith.

Cle. As a Dogge, if I were as you, Sir *John*.

Tru. Or a Snaile, or a Hog-louse: I would roule my selfe vp for this day, introth, they should not vnwind mee.

Daw. By this Pick-tooth, so I will.

Cle. 'Tis well done: hee beginnes already to bee angry with his teeth.

Daw. Will you goe, Gentlemen?

Cle. Nay, you must walke alone, if you bee right melancholique, Sir *John*.

Tru. Yes Sir, wee'll dogge you, wee'll follow you a farre off.

Cle. Was there euer such a two yards of Knight-hood, measur'd out by Time, to be sold to laughter?

Tru. A meere talking Mole! no Mushrome was euer so fresh. A fellow so vtterly nothing, as he knowes not what he would be.

Cle. Let's follow him: but first, let's goe to *Dauphine*, hee's houering about the House, to heare what newes.

Tru. Content.

Act.

The Silent Woman.

Act II. Scene V.

Morose, Epicæne, Cutberd, Mute.

Welcome *Cutberd*; draw neer with your faire charge:
and, in her eare, softly intreat her to vnmasque
(—) So. Is the doore shut? (—) inough. Now, *Cutberd*,
with the same discipline I vse to my Family, I will questi-
on you. As I conceiue, *Cutberd*, this Gentlewoman is shee,
you haue provided, and brought, in hope shee will fit mee in
the place and person of a Wife? Answer mee not, but with
your legge, vlesse it bee otherwise: (—) very well done,
Cutberd. I conceiue, besides, *Cutberd*, you haue beene pre-
acquainted with her birth, education, and qualities, or else
you would not preferre her to my acceptance, in the waigh-
ty consequence of Marriage. (—) this I conceiue, *Cutberd*.
Answer me not but with your legge, vlesse it be otherwise.
(—) Very well done *Cutberd*. Giue aside now a little, and
leaue me to examine her condition, and aptitude to my affe-
ction. Shee is exceeding faire, and of a speciall good fa-
uour; a sweete composition, or harmony of limmes: her
temper of beauty has the true height of my bloud. The
Knaue hath exceedingly well fitted me without: I will now
try her within. Come neere, faire Gentlewoman: let not
my behauiour seeme rude, though vnto you, being rare, it
may happily appeare strange. (—) Nay, Lady, you may
speake, though *Cutberd*, and my man, might not: for, of all
sounds, onely, the sweet voyce of a faire Lady has the iust
length of mine eare. I beseech you, say Lady, our of the
first fire of meeting eyes, (they say) loue is stricken: doe you
feele any such motion, sodenly shot into you, from any part
you see in me? ha, Lady? (—) Alasse, Lady, these answers
by silent curt'sies, from you, are too courtlesse, and simple. I
haue euer had my breeding in Court: and shee that shall be

He goes
about her,
and views
her.

Shee curtsies

Curtsies.

The silent Woman.

my Wife, must be accomplished with Courtly, and audacious ornaments. Can you speake, Lady?

Epi. Iudge you, forsooth.

*he speaks
fly.*

Mor. What say you, Lady? speake out, I beseech you.

Epi. Iudge you, forsooth.

wt' sic.

Mor. O my iudgement, a diuine softnesse! but can you naturally, Lady, as I enioyne these by doctrine and industry, referre your selfe to the search of my iudgement, and (not taking pleasure in your tongue, which is a womans chiefe pleasure) thinke it plausible, to answer mee by silent gestures, so long as my speeches iumpe right, with what you conceiue? (—) Excellent! Diuine! if it were possible, shee should hold out thus! Peace, *Cutberd*, thou art made for euer, as thou hast made mee, if this felicity haue lasting: but I will try her further. Deare Lady, I am Courtly, I tell you, and I must haue mine cares banqueted with pleasant, and witty Conferences, pretty Girds, Scoffes, and Dalliance in her, that I meane to choose for my Bed-phetere. The Ladies in Court, thinke it a most desperate impayre to their quicknesse of wit, and good carriage, if they cannot giue occasion for a man to court 'hem; and, when an amorous Discourse is set on foot, minister as good matter to continue it, as himselfe: and doe you alone so much differ from all them, that, what they (with so much circumstance) affect, and toyle for, to seeme learn'd, to seeme iudicious, to seeme sharpe, and conceited, you can bury in your selfe, with silence? and rather trust your graces to the faire conscience of Vertue, then to the Worlds, or your owne Proclamation?

Epi. I should be sorrie else.

Mor. What say you, Lady? good Lady, speake out.

Epi. I should be sorrie, else

Mor. That sorrow doth fill me with gladnesse! O *Moxa*! thou art happie aboue Mankind! pray that thou mayest contayne thy selfe. I will onely put her to it once more, and it shall be with the vtmost touch, and test of their Sex. But
heare

The silent Woman.

heare me, faire Lady, I doe also loue to see her, whom I shall choose for my Heir, to be the first and principall in all Fashions; precede all the Dames at Court, by a fortnight; haue her Counsell of Taylors, Linneners, Lace-women, Embroyderers, and sit with them sometimes twise a day, vpon French Intelligences; and then come forth, varied like Nature, or oftner then shee, and better, by the helpe of Art, her amulous Seruant. This doe I affect. And how will you bee able, Lady, with this frugalitie of speech, to giue the manifold (but necessarie) instructions, for that Bodies, these Sleeues, those Sirtes, this Cut, that Stitch, this Embroydery, that Lace, this Wire, those Knots, that Ruffe, those Roses, this Girdle, that Fanne, the tother Skarfe, these Gloues? ha! what say you, Ladie.

Epi. I'll leaue it to you, Sir.

Mor. How, Lady? pray you, rise a note.

Epi. I leaue it to Wisdome, and you, Sir.

Mor. Admirable Creature! I will trouble you no more: I will not sinne against so sweet a simplicity. Let me now be bold to print, on those diuine lips, the scale of being mine.

Cutberd. I giue thee the Lease of thy House free: thanke me not, but with thy legge (—) I know what thou wouldst say, she's poore, and her friends deceased; she has brought a wealthy dowrie in her silence, *Cutberd.* and in respect of her pouertie, *Cutberd.* I shall haue her more louing, and obedient, *Cutberd.* Goe thy wayes, and get me a Minister presently, with a soft, low voyce to marry vs, and pray him he will not be impertinent, but brieft as he can; away: softly, *Cutberd.* Sirrah, conduct your Mistris into the dining Roome, your now-Mistris. O my felicity! how I shall bee reueng'd on mine insolent Kinsman, and his plots to fright mee from marrying! This night I will get an Heire, and thrust him out of my blood like a Stranger; hee would bee knighted, forsooth, and thought by that meanes to raigne ouer mee, his Title must doe it: no Kinsman, I will now make you
bring

The silent Woman.

bring me the tenth Lords, and the sixteenth Ladies Letter, Kinsman; and it shall doe you no good, Kinsman. Your Knight-hood it selfe shall come on it's knees, and it shall bee reiected; it shall bee sued for it's fees to execution, and not beredeem'd; it shall cheat at the twelue-peny Ordinary, it Knight-hood, for it's Dyer all the Terme-time, and tell Tales for it in the Vacation, to the Hostesse; or it Knight-hood shall doe worse; take Sanctuary in *Cole-harbor*, and fast. It shall fright all it friends, with borrowing Letters, and when one of the foure-score hath brought it Knight-hood tenne shillings, it Knight-hood shall go to the *Cranes*, or the *Beare* at the *Bridge-foot*, and be drunke in feare: it shall not haue money to discharge one *Tauerne* reckoning, to inuite the old Creditors, to forbear it Knight-hood; or the new, that should bee, to trust it Knight-hood. It shall bee the tenth name in the Bond, to take vp the commodity of *Pipkins* and *stone Iugs*; and the part thereof shall not furnish it Knight-hood forth, for the attempting of a *Bakers Widdow*, a brown *Bakers Widdow*. It shall giue it Knight-hoods name, for a *stallion*, to all gamesome Citizens Wiues, and bee refus'd; when the Master of a *Dauncing Schoole*, or (*How doe you call him*) the worst *Reueller* in the *Towne* is taken: it shall want *Clothes*, and by reason of that, wit, to foole to *Lawyers*. It shall not haue hope to repaire it selfe by *Constantinople*, *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; but the best, and last fortune to it Knight-hood shall bee, to make *Dol Teare-sheet*, or *Kate-Common*, a *Lady*: and so, it Knight-hood may cate.

Act II. Scene VI.

Tru-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, Cutberd.

ARe you sure he is not gone by?
Daup. No, I staid in the shop euer since.
Cle. But, he may take the other end of the Lane.

Daup.

The silent Woman.

Daup. No, I told him I would be here at this end: I appointed him hether.

Tru. What a Barbarian it is to stay then!

Daup. Yonder he comes.

Cle. And his charge left behinde him, which is a verie good signe, *Dauphine*.

Daup. How now *Cutberd*, succeeds it, or no?

Cut. Past imagination, Sir, *omnia secunda*; you could not haue pray'd, to haue had it so well: *Salut senex*, as it is i'the Prouerbe, hee do's triumph in his felicity; admires the party! hee has giuen mee the Lease of my House too! and, I am now going for a silent Minister to marry 'hem, and away.

Tru. Slight, get one o' the silenc'd Ministers, a zealous Brother would torment him purely.

Cut. *Cum privilegio*, Sir.

Daup. O, by no meanes, let's doe nothing to hinder it now when 'tis done and finished, I am for you: for any de- uise of vexation.

Cut. And that shall be within this halfe houre, vpon my dexteritie, Gentlemen. Contrive what you can, in the meane time, *bomus auibus*.

Cle. How the Slaue doth *Latine* it!

Tru. It would be made a Iest to Posteritie, Sirs, this daies mirth, if ye will.

Cle. Beshrew his heart that will not, I pronounce.

Daup. And, for my part. What is't?

Tru. To translate all *La-Fooles* company, and his Feast hether, to day, to celebrate this Bride-ale.

Daup. I marry, but how will't be done?

Tru. I'll vndertake the directing of all the Ladie-Guests thether, and then the meat must follow.

Cle. For Gods sake, let's effect it: it will be an excellent *Comædy* of affliction, so many seuerall noyses.

Daup. But are they not at the other place already, thinke you?

The silent Woman.

Tru. I'll warrant you for the Colledge-honours: one o' their faces has not the priming colour laid on yet, nor the o'ther her Smocke fleck'd.

Cle. O, but they'll rise earlier then ordinary, to a Feast.

Tru. Best goe see, and assure our selues.

Cle. Who knowes the House?

Tru. I'll lead you, were you neuer there yet?

Daup. Not I.

Cle. Nor I.

Tru. Where ha' you liu'd then? not know *Tom Otter*!

Cle. No: for Gods sake, what is he?

Tru. An excellent Animal, equall with your *Daw*, or *La-Foole*, if not transcendent; and do's *Latine* it as much as your Barber: he is his Wifes Subiect, hee calls her *Princesse*, and at such times as these, followes her vp and downe the House like a Page, with his Hat off, partly for heate, partly for reuerence. At this instant, he is marshalling of his Bull, Beare, and Horse.

Daup. What bethose, in the name of *Sphinx*?

Tru. Why Sir? hee has beene a great man at the Beare-Garden in his time: and from that subtle sport, has tant the witty denomination of his chiefe carousing Cups. One he calls his Bull, another his Beare, another his Horse. And then he has his lesser Glasses, that he calls his Deere, and his Ape; and seuerall degrees of 'hem too: and neuer is well, nor thinkes any entertaynment perfect, till these be brought out, and set o' the Cupbord.

Cle. For Gods loue! wee should misse this, if wee should not goe.

Tru. Nay, hee has a thousand things as good, that will speake him all day. He will raile on his Wife, with certaine common places, behind her backe; and to her face—

Daup. No more of him. Let's goe see him, I petition you.

The silent Woman.

Act III. Scene I.

Otter, Mrs. Otter, Tru-wit, Clerimont,
Dauphine.

N Ay, good Princeffe, heare me *pauca verba*.

Mrs. Ot. By that light, I'll na' you chain'd vp, with your Bul-dogges, and Beare-dogges, if you be not ciuill the sooner. I'll send you to kennell, i' faith. You were best bait me with your Bull, Beare, and Horse? Neuer a time, that the Courtiers, or Collegiates come to the House, but you make it a *Sbrouetuesday*! I would haue you get your *Whitfontide-Veluet-Cap*, and your staffe i' your hand, to entertaine 'hem: yes int'roth, doe.

Ott. Not so Princeffe, neither, but vnder correction, sweet Princeffe, gi' me leaue—these things I am knowne to the Courtiers by. It is reported to them for my humour, and they receiue it so, and doe expect it. *Tom Otters* Bull, Beare, and Horse is knowne all ouer *England*, in *rerum natura*.

Mrs. Ot. Fore me, I will *na-ture* 'hem ouer to *Paris-Garden*, and *na-ture* you thether too, if you pronounce them againe. Is a Beare a fit Beast, or a Bull, to mixe in societie with great Ladies? thinke i' your discretion, in any good politic.

Ott. The Horse then, good Princeffe.

Mrs. Ot. Well, I am contented for the Horse: they loue to be well hors'd, I know. I loue it my selfe.

Ott. And it is a delicate fine Horse. *Poetarum Pegasus*. Vnder correction, Princeffe, *Iupiter* did turne himselfe into a—*Taurus*, or Bull, vnder correction, good Princeffe.

Mrs. Ot. By my integritiy, I'll send you ouer to the Banke-side, I'll commit you to the Master of the Garden, if I heare but a syllable more. Must my house, or my roose, bee polluted with the scent of Beares, and Bulls, when it is per-

The silent Woman.

sum'd for great Ladies? Is this according to the instrument, when I married you? That I would be Princeesse, and raigne in mine owne House: and you would bee my subiect, and obey me? What did you bring me, should make you thus peremptory? Doe I allow you your halfe-crowne a day, to spend, where you will, among your Gamesters, to vex and torment me, at such times as these? Who giues you your maintenance, I pray you? who allowes you your Horsemeat, and Mans-meat? your three Sutes of Apparell a yeere? your foure paire of Stockings, one Silke, three Worsted? your cleane Linnen, your Bands, and Cuffes when I can get you to weare 'hem? 'Tis mar'l you ha'hem on now. Who graces you with Courtiers, or great Personages, to speake to you out of their Coaches, and come home to your House? Were you euer so much as look'd vpon by a Lord, or a Lady, before I married you: but on the Easter, or Whitsen-holy-dayes? and then out at the Banquetting-house windore, when *Ned Whiting*, or *George Stone*, were at the stake?

(*Tru.* For Gods sake, let's goe staue her off him.)

Mrs. Ot. Answer me to that. And did not I take you vp from thence, in an olde Greasie Buffe-Doubler, with Points; and Greene Veller Sleenes, out at the elbowes? you forget this.

(*Tru.* Shee'll worry him, if we helpe not in time.)

Mrs. Ot. O, here are some o' the Gallants! Goe to, be-haue your selfe distinctly, and with good moralitie; Or, I protest, I'll take away your exhibition.

Act III. Scene II.

*Tru-wit, Mrs. Otter, Cap. Otter, Clerimont,
Dauphine, Cutberd.*

BY your leaue, faire Mistris Otter, I'll bee bold to enter these Gentlemen in your acquaintance.

Mrs.

The silent Woman.

Mrs. Ot. It shall not be obnoxious, or difficill, Sir.

Tru. How do's my noble Captaine? Is the Bull, Beare, and Horse, in *rerum natura* still?

Ott. Sir, *Sic visum superis.*

Mrs. Ott. I would you would but intimate 'hem, doe. Goe your wayes in, and get Tosts, and Butter, made for the Wood-cocks. That's a fit Prouince for you.

Cle. Alas, what a tyrannie, is this poore fellow married too.

Tru. O, but the sport will bee anon, when wee get him loose.

Daup. Dares he euer speake?

Tru. No Anabaptist euer rail'd with the like licence: but marke her Language in the meane time, I beseech you.

Mrs. Ot. Gentlemen, you are very aptly come. My Cousin, Sir *Amorous*, will be here briefly.

Tru. In good time, Lady. Was not Sir *John Daw* here, to aske for him, and the company?

Mrs. Ot. I cannot assure you, Mr. *Tru-wit*. Here was a very melancholy Knight in a Ruffe, that demanded my subject for some body, a Gentleman, I thinke.

Cle. I, that was he, Lady.

Mrs. Ot. But he departed straight, I can resolute you.

Daup. What an excellent choice phrase, this Lady expresses in?

Tru. O, Sir! she is the onely authentickall Courtier, that is not naturally bred one, in the Citie.

Mrs. Ot. You haue taken that report vpon trust, Gentlemen.

Tru. No, I assure you, the Court gouernes it so, Lady, in your behalfe.

Mrs. Ot. I am the Seruant of the Court, and Courtiers, Sir.

Tru. They are rather your Idolaters.

Mrs. Ot. Not so, Sir.

Daup. How now, *Cutberd*? Any crosse?

The silent Woman.

Cut. O, no, Sir: *Omnia bene*. 'Twas neuer better o' the hinges, all's sure. I haue so pleas'd him with a Curate, that hee's gone too't almost with the delight he hopes for soone.

Daup. What is he, for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, Sir, and can scarce bee heard fixe inches off; as if he spoke out of a Bul-rush, that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem mouere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your vexation.

Daup. Gramercy, honest *Cutberd*, bee there-about with thy Key to let vs in.

Cut. I will not faile you, Sir: *Ad manum*.

Tru. Well, I'll goe watch my Coaches.

Cle. Doe; and wee'll send *Daw* to you, if you meete him not.

Mrs. Ot. Is master *Tru-mit* gone?

Daup. Yes, Lady, there is some vnfortunate businesse fallen out.

Mrs. Ot. So I adiudg'd by the Phisiognomy of the fellow, that came in; and I had a Dreame last night too of the new Pageant; and my Lady Maioreffe, which is alwayes very ominous to me. I told it my Lady *Haughty* t'other day; when her honour came hether to see some *China* stufes: and she expounded it, out of *Artemidorus*, and I haue found it since very true. It has done me many affronts.

Cle. Your dreame, Lady?

Mrs. Ot. Yes, Sir, any thing I doe but dreame o' the City. It stayned me a Damasque Table-cloth, cost mee eighteene pound at one time; and burnt me a blacke Satten Gowne, as I stood by the fire, at my Lady *Centaures* Chamber in the Colledge, another time. A third time, at the Lords Masque, it dropt all my Wyre, and my Ruffe with Wax-candle, that I could not goe vp to the Banquet. A fourth time, as I was taking Coach to goe to *Ware*, to meete a friend, it dash'd

mee

The silent Woman.

mee a new Sute all ouer, (a Crimson Sattin Doublet, and blacke Veluet Skirts) with a Brewers Horse, that I was faine to goe in and shift mee, and kept my Chamber a leash of dayes for the anguish of it.

Daup. These were dire mischances, Lady.

Cle. I would not dwell in the Citie, and 'twere so fatall to mee.

Mrs. Ot. Yes Sir, but I doe take aduise of my Doctor, to dreame of it as little, as I can.

Daup. You doe well, Mistris Otter.

Mrs. Ot. Will it please you to enter the house farther, Gentlemen?

Daup. And your fauour, Lady: but wee stay to speake with a Knight, Sir *John Daw*, who is here come. Wee shall follow you, Lady.

Mrs. Ot. At your owne time, Sir. It is my Cosen, Sir *Amorous* his Feast.—

Daup. I know it Lady.

Mrs. Ot. And mine together. But it is for his honour; & therefore I take no name of it, more then of the place.

Daup. You are a bounteous Kinswoman.

Mrs. Ot. Your Seruant, Sir.

Act III. Scene III.

Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine,

Otter.

WHy, do not you know it, Sir *John Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rooke, if I doe.

Cle. I'll tell you then, shee's married by this time! And whereas you were put i' the head, that shee was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has beene the noblest, honestest Friend to you, that euer Gentleman of your qualitie could boast off. Hee has discover'd the whole Plot, and made your Mistris so acknowledging,

The silent Woman.

Cut. O, no, Sir: *Omnia bene*. 'Twas neuer better o' the hinges, all's sure. I haue so pleas'd him with a Curate, that hee's gone too't almost with the delight he hopes for soone.

Damp. What is he, for a Vicar?

Cut. One that has catch'd a cold, Sir, and can scarce bee heard fixe inches off; as if he spoke out of a Bul-rush, that were not pickt, or his throat were full of pith: a fine quick fellow, and an excellent Barber of Prayers. I came to tell you, Sir, that you might *omnem mouere lapidem* (as they say) be ready with your vexation.

Damp. Gramercy, honest *Cutberd*, bee there-about with thy Key to let vs in.

Cut. I will not faile you, Sir: *Ad manum*.

Tru. Well, I'll goe watch my Coaches.

Cle. Doe; and wee'll send *Daw* to you, if you meete him not.

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The silent Woman.

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Mrs. Ot. Your Seruant, Sir.

Act III. Scene III.

*Clerimont, Daw, La-Foole, Dauphine,
Otter.*

WHy, doe not you know it, Sir *Iohn Daw*?

Daw. No, I am a Rooke, if I doe.

Cle. I'll tell you then, shee's married by this time! And whereas you were put i' the head, that shee was gone with Sir *Dauphine*, I assure you, Sir *Dauphine* has bene the noblest, honestest Friend to you, that ever Gentleman of your qualitie could boast off. Hee has discover'd the whole Plot, and made your Mistris so acknowledging,
and

The silent Woman.

and indeed, so ashamed of her iniurie to you, that shee desires you to forgiue her, and but grace her Wedding with your presence to day— She is to be marryed to a very good fortune, shee sayes, his Vncle, old *Morose*: and shee will'd mee in priuate to tell you, that shee shall be able to doe you more fauours, and with more securitie now, then before.

Daw. Did she say so, i'faith?

Cle. Why, what doe you thinke of mee, *Sir John*? aske *Sir Dauphine*.

Daup. Nay, I belecue you. Good *Sir Dauphine*, did shee desire me to forgiue her?

Cle. I assure you, *Sir John*, she did.

Daw. Nay then, I doe with all my heart, and I'll bee iouiall.

Cle. Yes, for looke you *Sir*, this was the iniurie to you. *La-Foole* intended this Feast to honour her Bridale day, and made you the propertie to inuite the Colledge Ladies, and promise to bring her: and then at the time, shee should haue appear'd (as his friend) to haue giuen you the *dor*. Whereas now, *Sir Dauphine* has brought her to a feeling of it, with this kind of satisfaction, that you shall bring all the Ladies to the place where she is, and be very iouiall; and there shee will haue a Dinner, which shall be in your name: and so disappoint *La-Foole*, to make you good againe, and (as it were) a sauer i'the man.

Daw. As I am a Knight, I honour her, and forgiue her heartily.

Cle. About it then presently, *Tru-wit* is gone before to confront the Coaches, and to acquaint you with so much, if he meet you. Ioyne with him, and 'tis well. See, heere comes your *Antagonist*, but take you no notice, but be very iouiall.

La-F. Are the Ladies come, *Sir John Daw*, and your Mistress? *Sir Dauphine*! you are exceeding welcome, and honest Master *Clerimont*. Where's my Cossen? did you see no Collegiats, Gentlemen?

Daup.

The silent Woman.

Damp. Collegiats! Doe you not heare, Sir *Amorous*, how you are abus'd?

La-F. How Sir!

Cle. Will you speake so kindly to Sir *John Daw*, that has done you such an affront?

La-F. Wherein Gentlemen? let mee be a Sutor to you to know, I beseech you!

Cle. Why Sir, his Mistris is marryed to day, to Sir *Damphines* Vncle, your Cosens Neighbour, and hee has diuer-
ted all the Ladies, and all your company thether, to frustrate
your prouision, and sticke a disgrace vpon you. He was here,
now, to haue intic'd vs away from you too: but wee told
him his owne, I thinke.

La-F. Has Sir *John Daw* wrong'd mee so in-humanely?

Daw. Hee has done it, Sir *Amorous*, most maliciously,
and trecherously: but if you'll be rul'd by vs, you shall quit
him i'faith.

La-F. Good Gentlemen! I'll make one, belecue it. How
I pray?

Damp. Marry Sir, get mee your Pheasants, your Godwits,
and your best meate, and dish it in Siluer Dishes of your Co-
sens presently, and say nothing, but clap me a cleane Towell
about you, like a Sewer; and bare-headed, march afore it
with a good confidence ('tis but ouer the way, hard by) and
wee'll second you, where you shall set o' the Boord, and bid
hem welcome to't, which shall show 'tis yours, and disgrace
his preparation vterly: and, for your Cosen, whereas shee
should be troubled here at home with care of making and
giuing welcome, she shall transerre all that labour thether,
and be a principall guest her selfe, sit rank'd with the Col-
ledge-Honors, and bee honor'd, and haue her Health drunke
as often, as bare, and as lowd as the best of them.

La-F. I'll goe tell her presently. It shall bee done, that's
resolu'd.

Cle. I thought hee would not heare it out, but 'twould
take him.

The silent Woman.

Daup. Well, there bee Guests, and meat now; how shall we doe for Musique?

Cle. The smell of the Venifon, going through the Street, will inuite one noyse of Fiddlers, or other.

Daup. I would it would call the Trumpeters thether.

Cle. Faith, there is hope, they haue intelligence of all Feasts. There's good correspondence betwixt them, and the London-Cookes. 'Tis twenty to one but we haue 'hem.

Daup. 'Twill be a most solemne day for my Vncle, and an excellent fit of mirth for vs.

Cle. I, if we can hold vp the emulation betwixt *Foole* and *Daw*, and neuer bring them to expostulate.

Daup. Tut, flatter 'hem both (as *Tru-wit* sayes) and you may take their vnderstandings in a Purse-net. They'll beleeue themselves to be iust such men as we make 'hem, neither more nor lesse. They haue nothing, not the vse of their senses, but by tradition.

Cle. See! Sir *Amorous* has his Towell on already. Haue you perswaded your Cossen?

La-F. Yes, 'tis very feasible: shee'll doe any thing, shee sayes, rather then the *La-Fooles* shall be disgrac'd.

Daup. She is a Noble Kinswoman. It will be such a pestling deuice, Sir *Amorous*! It will pound all your enemies practises to poulder, and blow him vp with his owne mine, his owne traine.

La-F. Nay, wee'll giue fire, I warrant you.

Cle. But you must carry it priuately, without any noyse, and take no notice by any meanes—

Ott. Gentlemen, my Princessse sayes, you shall haue all her Siluer Dishes, *festinate*: and she's gone to alter her Tyre a little, and goe with you—

Cle. And your selfe too, Captaine *Otter*.

Daup. By any meanes, Sir.

Ott. Yes Sir, I doe meane it: but I would entreate my Cossen Sir *Amorous*, and you Gentlemen, to be Sutors to my Princessse, that I may carry my Bull, and my Beare, as well as my Horse.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. That you shall doe, Captaine *Otter*.

La-F. My Cosen will neuer consent, Gentlemen.

Damp. She must consent, Sir *Amorous*, to reason.

La-F. Why, she sayes they are no *decorum* among Ladies.

Ott. But they are *decora*, and that's better, Sir.

Cle. I, shee must heare argument. Did not *Pasiphae*, who was a Queene, loue a Bull? and was not *Calisto*, the Mother of *Arcas*, turn'd into a Beare, and made a Starre, Mistris *Ursula*, i'the Heauens?

Ott. O God! that I could ha' said as much! I will haue these Stories painted i'the Beare-garden, *Ex Onidij Metamorphosi*.

Damp. Where is your Princeesse, Captaine? pray' be our Leader.

Ott. That I shall, Sir.

Cle. Make haste, good Sir *Amorous*.

Act III. Scene III.

Morose, Epicure, Parson, Cutberd.

Sir, there's an Angell for your selfe, and a brace of Angels for your cold. Muse not at this mannage of my bounty, It is fit, we should thanke Fortune, double to Nature, for any benefit she conferres vpon vs; besides, it is your imperfection, but my solace.

Par. I thanke your Worship, so is it mine, now.

Mor. What sayes he, *Cutberd*?

Cut. Hee sayes, *Praeto*, Sir, whensoever your Worship needs him, he can be readie with the like. Hee got this cold with sitting vp late, & singing Catches with Cloth-workers.

Mor. No more. I thanke him.

Par. God keepe your Worship, and giue you much ioy with your faire Spouse. (Vmh, vmh.)

Mor. O, ô, stay *Cutberd*! let him giue me five shillings of my money back. As it is bounty to reward benefits, so is it equity to mulct iniuries. I will haue it. What sayes he?

*The Parson
speakes,
having a
cold.*

He conge

The silent Woman.

Cut. He cannot change it, Sir

Mor. It must be chang'd.

Cut. Cough againe.

Mor. What sayes he?

Cut. He will cough out the rest, Sir.

Against.

Par. (Vmh, vmh, vmh.)

Mor. Away, away with him, stop his mouth, away, I forgive it. —

Epi. Fye, Master *Morose*, that you will vse this violence to a man of the Church.

Mor. How!

Epi. It do's not become your grauitie, or breeding, (as you pretend in Court) to haue offer'd this out-rage on a water-man, or any more boystrous creature, much lesse on a man of his ciuill Coat.

Mor. You can speake then!

Epi. Yes, Sir.

Mor. Speake out I meane.

Epi. I Sir. Why, did you thinke you had married a Statue? or a Motion, onely? one of the *French* Puppets, with the eyes turn'd with a Wire? or some innocent out of the Hospitall, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth, and looke vpon you.

Mor. O immodestie! a manifest woman! what *Cutberd*?

Epi. Nay, neuer quarrell with *Cutberd*, Sir, it is too late now. I confesse, it doth bate somewhat of the modestie I had, when I writ simply Maide: but I hope, I shall make it a stocke still competent, to the estate, and dignitie of your Wife.

Mor. She can talke!

Epi. Yes indeed, Sir.

Mor. What, Sirrah. None of my Knaues there? where is this Impostor, *Cutberd*?

Epi. Speake to him, fellow, speake to him. I'll haue none of this coacted, vnnaturall dumbnesse in my house, in a Family where I gouerne.

Mor.

The silent Woman.

Mor. She is my Regent already! I haue married a *Penshefilea*, a *Semiramis*, sold my liberty to a *Distaffe*!

Act III. Scene V.

Tru-wit, Morose, Epicæne.

WHere's Master *Morose*?

Mor. Is he come againe! Lord haue mercie vpon mee.

Tru. I wish you all ioy, Mistris *Epicæne*, with your graue and honourable match.

Epi. I returne you the thanks, Master *Tru-wit*, so friendly a wish deserues.

Mor. She has acquaintance, too!

Tru. God saue you Sir, and giue you all contentment in your faire choice, here. Before I was the Bird of night to you, the Owle but now I am the Messenger of Peace, a Doue, and bring you the glad wishes of many friends, to the celebration of this good houre.

Mor. What houre, Sir?

Tru. Your Marriage houre Sir. I commend your resolution, that (notwithstanding all the dangers I laid afore you, in the voice of a Night-Crow) would yet goe on, and bee your selfe. It shewes you are a man constant to your owne ends, and vpright to your purposes, that would not bee put off with left-handed cryes.

Mor. How should you arrive at the knowledge of so much!

Tru. Why, did you euer hope, Sir committing the secrecie of it to a Barber, that lesse then the whole Towne should know it? you might as well ha' told it to the Conduit, or the Bake-house, or the Infant'ry that follow the Court, and with more securitie. Could your Grauitie forget so old and noted a remnant, as, *lippis & tonsoribus notum*. Well Sir, forgiue it your selfe now, the fault, and bee com-

The silent Woman.

municable with your friends. Here will bee three or foure fashionable Ladies, from the Colledge to visit you presently, and their trayne of Minions, and Followers.

Mor. Barre my doores! barre my doores! where are all my eaters? my mouthes now? barre vp my doores, you Varlets.

Epi. He is a Varlet, that stirres to such an office. Let hem stand open. I would see him that dares mooue his eyes toward it. Shall I haue a *Barricado* made against my friends, to be barr'd of any pleasure they can bring in to me with honorable visitation.

Mor. O *Amazonian* impudence!

Tru. Nay faith, in this, Sir, shee speakes but reason: and me thinkes is more continent then you. Would you goe to bed so presently, Sir, afore noone? a man of your head, and haire, should owe more to that reuerend Ceremony, and not mount the Marriage-bed, like a Towne-Bull, or a Mountayne-Goate; but stay the due season; and ascend it then with Religion, and feare. Those delights are to bee steep'd in the humor, and silence of the night; and giue the day to other open pleasures, and iollities of Feast, of Musique, of Reuels, of Discourse: wee'll haue all, Sir, that may make your *Hymen* high, and happy.

Mor. O, my torment, my torment!

Tru. Nay, if you indure the first halfe houre, Sir, so tediously, and with this irksomnesse; what comfort, or hope, can this faire Gentlewoman make to her selfe hereafter, in the consideration of so many yeeres as are to come—

Mor. Of my affliction. Good Sir, depart, and let her doe it alone.

Tru. I haue done, Sir.

Mor. That cursed Barber!

Tru. (Yes faith, a cursed Wretch indeed, Sir.)

Mor. I haue marryed his Citterne, that's common to all men. Some plague about the plague—

Tru. (All Egypts ten Plagues)

Mor.

The silent Woman.

Mor. Reuenge me on him.

Tru. 'Tis very well, Sir. If you laid on a curse or two, more, I'll assure you hee'll beare 'hem. As, that hee may get the Poxe with seeking to cure it, Sir? Or, that while he is curling another mans haire, his owne may drop off? Or, for burning some Male-baudes Locke, he may haue his braine beat out with the Curling-Iron?

Mor. No, let the Wretch liue wretched. May hee get the Itch, and his Shop so lousie, as no man dare come at him, nor he come at no man.

Tru. (I, and if he would swallow all his Balles for Pills, let not them purge him)

Mor. Let his Warming-Pan be euer cold.

Tru. (A perpetuall Frost vnderneath it, Sir)

Mor. Let him neuer hope to see fire againe.

Tru. (But in Hell, Sir)

Mor. His Chayres bee alwayes empty, his Scissors rust, and his Combes mould in their Cases.

Tru. Very dreadfull that! (And may he loose the inuention, Sir, of caruing Lanternes in Paper)

Mor. Let there bee no Baud carted that yeere, to employ a Bason of his: but let him be glad to eate his Sponge, for Bread.

Tru. And drinke *lotium* to it, and much good doe him.

Mor. Or, for want of Bread—

Tru. Eate Eare-Waxe, Sir. I'll helpe you. Or draw his owne Teeth, and adde them to the Lute-string.

Mor. No, beate the olde ones to poulder, and make Bread of them.

Tru. (Yes, make meale o' the Milstones.)

Mor. May all the Botches, and Burnes, that he has cur'd on others, breake out vpon him.

Tru. And he now forget the cure of 'hem in himselfe, Sir: or, if hee doe remember it, let him ha' scrap'd all his Linnen into Lint for't, and haue not a ragge left him, to see vpon with,

Mor.

The silent Woman.

Mor. Let him neuer set vp againe, but haue the Gout in his hands for euer. Now, no more, Sir.

Tru. O that Last was too high set! you might goe lesse with him i'faith, and bee reueng'd enough: as, that hee bee neuer able to new-paint his Pole—

Mor. Good Sir, no more. I forgot my selfe.

Tru. Or, want credit to take vp with a Combe-maker—

Mor. No more, Sir.

Tru. Or, hauing broken his Glasse in a former despaire, fall now into a much greater, of euer getting another—

Mor. I beseech you, no more.

Tru. Or, that he neuer bee trusted with trimming of any but Chimney-sweepers—

Mor. Sir—

Tru. Or, may he cut a Colliers throat with his Rasor, by chance-medlee, and yet hang for't.

Mor. I will forgieue him, rather then heare any more. I beseech you Sir.

Act III. Scene VI.

*Daw, Morose, Tru-wit, Haughty, Centaure,
Mauis, Trusty.*

THis way, Madame.

Mor. O, the Sea breakes in vpon me! another flood! an inundation! I shall be orewhelm'd with noyse. It beates already at my shores. I feele an Earth-quake in my selfe, for't.

Daw. Giue you ioy, Mistris.

Mor. Has she Seruants too!

Daw. I haue brought some Ladies here to see, and know you. My Lady *Haughty*, this my Lady *Centaure*, Mistris *Dol Mauis*, Mistris *Trusty* my Lady *Haughties* woman. Where's your Husband? lets see him: can hee endure no noyse? let me come to him.

Mor.

he kisses
em seue-
lly as hee
resents
em.

The silent Woman.

Mor. What Nomenclator is this!

Tru. Sir *Iohn Daw*, Sir, your Wifes Seruant, this.

Mor. A *Daw*, and her Seruant! O, 'tis decreed, 'tis decreed of me, and she haue such Seruants.

Tru. Nay Sir, you must kisse the Ladies, you must not goe away, now; they come toward you, to seeke you out.

Han. I faith, Master *Morose*, would you steale a Marriage thus, in the midst of so many friends, and not acquaint vs? Well, I'll kisse you, notwithstanding the Iustice of my quarrell: you shall giue mee leaue, Mistris, to vse a becoming familiarity with your Husband.

Epi. Your Ladiship do's mee an honour, in it, to let mee know hee is so worthy your fauour: as, you haue done both him and mee grace, to visit so vnprepar'd a paire to enter-tayne you.

Mor. Complement! complement!

Epi. But I must lay the burthen of that, vpon my Seruant, here.

Han. It shall not need, Mistris *Morose*, we will all beare, rather then one shall be oppress.

Mor. I know it: and you will teach her the faculty, if she be to learne it.

Han. Is this the silent Woman?

Cen. Nay, she has found her Tongue, since she was married, Master *Tru-wit* sayes.

Han. O, Master *Tru-wit*! saue you. What kind of Creature is your Bride here? she speakes, me thinks!

Tru. Yes Madame, belecue it, shee is a Gentlewoman of very absolute behauiour, and of a good Race.

Han. And *Iack Daw* told vs, she could not speake.

Tru. So it was carryed in plot, Madame, to put her vpon this olde fellow, by Sir *Dauphine*, his Nephew, and one or two more of vs: but shee is a woman of an excellent assurance, and an extraordinary happie wit, and tongue. You shall see her make rare sport with *Daw*, ere night.

Han. And he brought vs to laugh at her!

H

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. That falls out often, Madame, that hee that thinkes himselfe the Master-wit, is the Master-foole. I assure your Ladiship, ye cannot laugh at her.

Hau. No, wee'll haue her to the Colledge: and she haue wit, she shall be one of vs! shall shee not *Centaure*? wee'll make her a Collegiate.

Cen. Yes faith, Madame, and *Manis*, and shee will set vp a side.

Tru. Belceue it Madame, and Mistris *Manis*, shee will sustaine her part.

Man. I'll tell you that, when I haue talk'd with her, and try'd her.

Hau. Vse her very ciuilly, *Manis*.

Man. So I will, Madame.

Mor. Blessed minute, that they would whisper thus euer.

Tru. In the the meane time, Madame, would but your Ladiship helpe to vexe him a little: you know his disease, talke to him about the Wedding Ceremonies, or call for your Gloues, or—

Hau. Let me alone. *Centaure*, helpe mee. Master Bride-groome, where are you?

Mor. O, it was too miraculously good to last!

Hau. We see no Ensignes of a Wedding, here; no Character of a Brideale: where be our Skarfes, and our Gloues? I pray you, giue 'hem vs. Let's know your Brides Colours, and yours, at least.

Cen. Alas, Madame, he has prouided none.

Mor. Had I knowne your Ladiships Painter, I would.

Hau. He has giuen it you, *Centaure*, yfaith. But doe you heare Master *Morose*, a Iest will not absolue you in this manner. You that haue suck'd the Milke of the Court, and from thence haue beene brought vp to the very strong meates, and Wine, of it; beene a Courtier from the Biggen, to the Night-Cap: (as wee may say) and you, to offend in such a high point of Ceremonie, as this! and let your Naptialls want

The silent Woman.

want all markes of solemnitie ! How much Plate haue you lost to day (if you had but regarded your profit) what gifts, what friends, through your meere Rusticitie ?

Mor. Madame—

Han. Pardon me, Sir, I must insinuate your errors to you. No Gloues ? no Garters ? no Skarfes ? no *Epithalamium* ? no Masque ?

Daw. Yes, Madame, I'll make an *Epithalamium*, I promis'd my Mistris, I haue begunne it already: will your Ladiship heare it ?

Han. I, good *Iack Daw*.

Mor. Will it please your Ladiship command a Chamber, and bee priuate with your friend ? you shall haue your choice of Roomes, to retyre to after : my whole House is yours. I know, it hath beene your Ladishis errand, into the Citie, at other times, how euer now you haue beene vnhappyly diuerted vpon mee : but I shall bee loth to breake any honorable custome of your Ladiships. And therefore, good Madame—

Epi. Come, you are a rude Bride-groome, to entertayne Ladies of honour in this fashion.

Cen. He is a rude Groome, indeed.

Tru. By that light, you deserue to be grafted, and haue your Hornes reach from one side of the Island, to the other. Doe not mistake mee, Sir, I but speake this, to giue the Ladies some heart againe, not for any malice to you.

Mor. Is this your *Brauo*, Ladies ?

Tru. As God helpe mee, if you vtter such another word, I'll take Mistris Bride in, and begin to you, in a very sad cup, doe you see ? Goe too, know your friends, and such, as loue you.

The silent Woman.

Act III. Scene VII.

*Clerimont, Morose, Tru-wit, Dauphine, La-Foole,
Otter, Mrs. Otter, &c.*

BY your leaue, Ladies. Doe you want any Musique? I haue brought you varietie of noyses. Play, Sirs, all of you.

*Musique of
all sorts.*

Mor. O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot vpon me! This day, I shall bee their Anuile to worke on, they will grate mee asunder. 'Tis worse then the noyse of a Saw.

Cle. No, they are Haire, Rosin, and Guts. I can giue you the Receipt.

Tru. Peace, Boyes.

Cle. Play, I say.

Tru. Peace, Rascals. You see who's your friend now, Sir? Take courage, put on a Martyrs resolution. Mocke downe all their attemptings, with patience. 'Tis but a day, and I would suffer heroically. Should an Ass exceed mee in fortitude? No. You betray your infirmitie with your hanging dull eares, and make them insult: beare vp brauely, and constantly. Looke you here, Sir, what honour is done you vnexpected, by your Nephew; a Wedding Dinner come, and a Knight Sewer before it, for the more reputation: and fine Mistris Otter, your Neighbour, in the Rump, or Tayle of it.

*La-Foole
snes over
wing the
gate.*

Mor. Is that Gorgon, that Medusa come? Hide mee, hide me.

Tru. I warrant you, Sir, shee will not transforme you, Looke vpon her with a good courage. Pray you entertayne her, and conduct your Guests in, No? Mistris Bride, will you entreat in the Ladies? your Bridegroom is so shame-fac'd, here—

Epi. Will it please your Ladiship, Madame?

Han. With the benefit of your companie, Mistris.

Epi.

The silent Woman.

Epi. Seruant, pray you performe your duties.

Daw. And glad to be commanded, Mistris.

Cen. How like you her wit, *Mistris*.

Man. Very prettily, absolutely well.

Mrs. Ot. 'Tis my place.

Man. You shall pardon me, Mistris *Otter*.

Mrs. Ot. Why, I am a Collegiate.

Man. But not in ordinary.

Mrs. Ot. But I am.

Man. Wee'll dispute that within.

Cle. Would this had lasted a little longer.

Tru. And that they had sent for the Heralds. Captayne *Otter*, what newes?

Ott. I haue brought my Bull, Beare, and Horse, in priuate, and yonder are the Trumpetters without, and the Drum Gentlemen.

Mor. O, o, o.

Ott. And we will haue a rouse in each of 'hem, anon, for bold Britons, yfaith.

Mor. O, o, o.

All. Follow, follow, follow.

Act IIII. Scene I.

Tru-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

WAs there euer poore Bride-groome so tormented?
or man indeed?

Cle. I haue not read of the like, in the *Chronicles* of the Land.

Tru. Sure, he cannot but goe to a place of rest, after all this Purgatorie.

Cle. He may presume it, I thinke.

Tru. The spitting, the coughing, the laughter, the needling, the farting, dauncing, noyse of the Musique, and her masculine, and lowd commanding, and vrging the whole

The silent Woman.

Family, makes him thinke he has married a *Furie*?

Cle. And she carries it vp brauely.

Tru. I, she takes any occasion to speake: that's the height on't.

Cle. And how soberly *Dauphine* labours to satisfie him, that it was none of his plot!

Tru. And has almost brought him to the faith, i' the article. Here he comes. Where is he now? what's become of him, *Dauphine*?

Daup. O, hold me vp a little, I shall goe away i' the iest else. Hee has got on his whole Nest of Night-caps, and lock'd himselfe vp, i' the top o' the House, as high, as ever he can climbe from the noyse. I peep'd in at a cranny, and saw him sitting ouer a crosse-beame o' the rooffe, like him o' the Sadlers Horse in *Fleetstreet*, vp-right: and hee will sleepe there.

Cle. But where are your Collegiates?

Daup. With-drawne with the Bride in priuate.

Tru. O, they are instructing her i' the Colledge-Grammar. If shee haue grace with them, shee knowes all their secrets instantly.

Cle. Mee thinkes, the Lady *Haughty* lookes well to day, for all my disprays of her i' the morning. I thinke, I shall come about to thee againe, *Tru-wit*.

Tru. Beleue it, I told you right. Women ought to repayre the losses, time and yeeres haue made i' their features, with dressings. And an intelligent Woman, if shee know by her selfe the least defect, will bee most curious, to hide it: and it becomes her. If shee bee short, let her sit much, lest when she stands, she be thought to sit. If she haue an ill foot, let her weare her Gowne the longer, and her Shoo the thinner. If a fat Hand, and scald Nails, let her carue the lesse, and act in Gloues. If a sowre breath, let her neuer discourse fasting: and alwayes talke at her distance. If she haue black and rugged Teeth, let her offer the lesse at laughter, especially if she laugh wide, and open.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. O, you shall haue some women, when they laugh; you would thinke they bray'd, it is so rude, and——

Tru. I, and others, that will stalke i' their gait like an *Estrich*, and take huge strides. I cannot endure such a sight. I loue measure i' the feet, and number i' the voyce: they are Gentlenesses, thaa oft-times draw no lesse then the face.

Daup. How cam'st thou to studie these Creatures so exactly? I would thou would'st make me a Proficient.

Tru. Yes, but you must leaue to liue i' your Chamber then a month together vpon *Amadis de Gaule*, or *Don Quixote*, as you are wont; and come abroad where the matter is frequent, to Court, to Tiltings, publique Showes, and Feasts, to Playes, and Church sometimes: thither they come to shew their new Tyres too, to see, and to be seene. In these places a man shall find whome to loue, whome to play with, whome to touch once, whom to hold euer. The varietie arrests his iudgement. A Wench to please a man comes not downe dropping from the seeling, as bee lyes on his backe droning a Tobacco Pipe. He must goe where she is.

Daup. Yes, and be neuer the neere.

Tru. Out Heretique. That diffidence makes thee worthy, it should be so.

Cle. He sayes true to you, *Dauphine*.

Daup. Why?

Tru. A man should not doubt to ouercome any Woman. Thinke hee can vanquish 'hem, and he shall, for though they denie, their desire is to bee tempted. *Penelope* her selfe cannot hold out long. *Ofend*, you saw, was taken at last. You must perseuer, and hold to your purpose. They would sollicite vs, but that they are afraid. Howsoeuer, they wish in their hearts wee should sollicite them. Prayse 'hem, flatter 'hem, you shall neuer want Eloquence, or trust: euen the chafteft delight to feele themselves that way rub'd. With Prayses you must mixe Kisses too. If they take them, they'll take more. Though they striue, they would bee ouercome.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. O, but a man must beware of force.

Tru. It is to them an acceptable violence, and has oft-times the place of the greatest courtesie. Shee that might haue beene forc'd, and you let her goe free without touching though she then seeme to thanke you, will euer hate you after: and glad i' the face, is assuredly sad at the heart.

Cle. But all women are not to be taken alwayes.

Tru. 'Tis true. No more then all Birds, or all Fishes. If you appeare learned to an ignorant Wench, or iocund to a sad, or witty to a foolish, why shee presently beginnes to mistrust herselfe. You must approch them i' their owne height, their owne line: for the contrary makes many that feare to commit themselves to noble and worthy fellowes, runne into the imbraces of a Rascall. If she loue Wit, giue Verses, though you borrow 'hem of a friend, or buy 'hem, to haue good. If Valour, talke of your Sword, and be frequent in the mention of Quarrels, though you be staunch in fighting. If actiuitie be seen o' your *Barbary* often, or leaping ouer stooles, for the credit of your back. If she loue good clothes or dressing haue your learned Counsel about you euery morning, your *French* Taylor, Barber, Linnener, &c. Let your Poulder, your Glasse, and your Combe, be your dearest acquaintance. Take more care for the ornament of your head, then the safetie: and wish the Common-wealth rather troubled, then a haire about you. That will take her. Then if shee bee couetous and crauing, doe you promise any thing, and performe sparingly: so shall you keepe her in appetite still. Seeme as you would giue, but be like a barren field that yeelds little, or vn lucky Dice, to foolish, and hoping Gamesters. Let your gifts be slight, and daintie, rather then precious. Let cunning be aboue cost. Giue Cherries at time of yeere, or Apricots; and say they were sent you out of the Countrey, though you bought 'hem in *Cheap-side*. Admire her Tyres; like her in all fashions; compare her in euery habit to some Deitie; inuent excellent Dreames to flatter her, and Riddles; or, if shee bee a great one, performe alwayes the second
parts

The silent Woman.

parts to her: like what she likes, prayse whom shee prayses, and faile not to make the Houshold and Seruants yours, yea the whole Family, and salute 'hem by their names: ('tis but light cost if you can purchase 'hem so) and make her Physician your Pensioner, and her chiefe woman. Nor will it bee out of your gaine to make loue to her too, so she follow, not vsaer, her Ladies pleasure. All blabbing is taken away, when she comes to be a part of the crime.

Daup. On what Courtly lap hast thou late slept, to come forth so sudden and absolute a Courtling?

Tru. Good faith, I should rather question you, that are so harkening after these Mysteries. I begin to suspect your diligence, *Dauphine*. Speake, art thou in loue in earnest?

Daup. Yes by my troth am I: 'twere ill dissembling before thee.

Tru. With which of 'hem, I pray thee?

Daup. With all the Collegiates.

Cle. Out on thee. Wee'll keepe you at home, belecue it, i' the Stable, and you be such a Stallion.

Tru. No, I like him well. Men should loue wisely, and all women: some one for the face, and let her please the eye; another for the skin, and let her please the touch; a third for the voyce, and let her please the eare; and where the Obiects mixe, let the senses so too. Thou wouldst thinke it strange, if I should make 'hem all in loue with thee afore Night!

Daup. I would say thou hadst the best *Philtre* i' the World, and couldst doe more then Madame *Medea*, or Doctor *Foreman*.

Tru. If I doe not, let me play the Mounte-banke for my meate while I liue, and the Bawd for my drinke.

Daup. So be it, I say.

I am done. *AT.*

The silent Woman.

Act IIII. Scene II.

Otter, Clerimont, Daw, Dauphine, Morose, Tru-wit,
La-Foole, Mrs. Otter.

O Lord, Gentlemen, how my Knights and I haue mist you here!

Cle. Why, Captaine, what Seruice? what Seruice?

Ott. To see mee bring vp my Bull, Beare, and Horse to fight.

Daw. Yes faith, the Captaine sayes we shall be his Dogs to bait 'hem.

Daup. A good imployment.

Tru. Come on, let's see a course then.

La-F. I am afraid my Cousin will bee offended if shee come.

Ott. Be afraid of nothing. Gentlemen, I haue plac'd the Drumme and the Trumpets, and one to giue 'hem the signe when you are readie. Here's my Bull for my selfe, and my Beare for *Sir Iohn Daw*, and my Horse for *Sir Amorous*. Now set your foot to mine, and yours to his, and—

La-F. Pray God my Cousin come not.

Ott. Saint George, and Saint Andrew, feare no Cousins. Come, sound, sound. *Et raucostrepuerunt cornua cantu.*

Tru. Well said, Captaine, yfaith: well fought at the Bull.

Cle. Well held at the Beare.

Tru. Low, low, Captaine.

Daup. O' the Horse has kickt off his Dogge alreadie.

La-F. I cannot drinke it, as I am a Knight.

Tru. Gods so, off with his Spurres, some-body.

La-F. It goes againe my conscience. My Cousin will be angry with it.

Daw. I ha' done mine.

Tru. You fought high and faire, *Sir Iohn*.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. At the head.

Dawp. Like an excellent Beare-Dogge.

Cle. You take no notice of the businesse I hope.

Daw. Not a word, Sir, you see we are *ioniall*.

Ott. Sir *Amorous*, you must not *equivocate*. It must bee pull'd downe, for all my Cousin.

Cle. Sfoot, if you take not your drinke, they'll thinke you are discontented with some thing: you'll betray all, if you take the least notice.

La-F. Not I, I'll both drinke, and talke then.

Ott. You must pull the Horse on his knees, Sir *Amorous*: feare no Cousins. *lacta est alea*.

Tru. O, now hee's in his vaine, and bold. The least hint giuen him of his Wife now will make him raile desperately.

Cle. Speake to him of her.

Tru. Doe you, and I'll fetch her to the hearing of it.

Dawp. Captaine hee-Otter, your shee-Otter is comming, your Wife.

Ott. Wife! Buz. *Titivilitium*. There's no such thing in nature. I confesse, Gentlemen, I haue a Cooke, a Laundresse, a House-Drudge, that serues my necessary turnes, and goes vnder that title: But hee's an Ass that will bee so *vexorions*, to tie his affections to one Circle. Come, the name duls appetite. Here, replenish againe: another bout. Wiues are nasty, sluttish *Animalls*.

Daw. O, Captaine.

Ott. As euer the Earth bare, *tribus verbis*. Where's Master Tru-wit?

Daw. Hee's slipt aside, Sir.

Cle. But you must drinke, and be *ioniall*.

Daw. Yes, giue it me.

La-F. And me, too.

Daw. Let's be *ioniall*.

La-F. As *ioniall* as you will.

Ott. Agreed. Now you shall ha' the Beare, Cousin, and Sir Iohn Daw the Horse, and I'll ha' the Bull still. Sound

The silent Woman.

Tritons o' the Thames. Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero—

Mor. Villaines, Murderers, Sonnes of the Earth, and Traytors, what doe you there?

Cle. O, now the Trumpets haue wak'd him, wee shall haue his company.

Ott. A Wife is a sciruy *Clogdogdo*; an vnlukey thing, a very fore-said Beare-whelpe, without any good fashion or breeding: *mala bestia*.

Daup. Why did you marry one then, Captaine?

Ott. A poxe—I marryed with fixe thousand pound, I. I was in loue with that. I ha' not kist my *Furie* these fortie weekes.

Cle. The more to blame you, Captaine.

Tru. Nay, Mistris Otter, heare him a little first.

Ott. Shee has a breath worse then my Grand-mothers, *profecto*.

Mrs. Ot. O trecherous Lyar. Kisse mee sweete Master *Tru-wit*, and proue him a slandering Knaue.

Tru. I'll rather belecue you, Lady.

Ott. And shee has a Perruke, that's like a pound of Hempe, made vp in Shoo-thrids.

Mrs. Ot. O Viper, Mandrake!

Ott. A most vile face! and yet she spends me fortie pound a yeere in *Mercurie*, and Hogs-bones. All her Teeth were made i'the Blacke-Friers: both her eye-browes i'the *Strand*, and her Haire in *Siner-street*. Euery part o'the Towne owne a piece of her.

Mrs. Ot. I cannot hold.

Ott. Shee takes her selfe asunder still when shee goes to bed, into some twentie Boxes; and about next day noone is put together againe, like a great *Germane* Clocke; and so comes forth and rings a tedious larum to the whole House, and then is quiet againe for an houre, but for her quarters. Ha' you done me right, Gentlemen?

Mrs. Ot. No, Sir, I'll doe you right with my quarters, with my quarters.

Ott.

The silent Woman.

Ott. O, hold, good Princeffe.

Tru. Sound, sound.

Cle. A battell, a battell.

Mrs. Ot. You notorious stinkardly Beareward, do's my breath smell?

Ott. Vnder correction, deare Princeffe: looke to my Beare, and my Horse, Gentlemen.

Mrs. Ot. Doe I want Teeth, and Eye-browes, thou Bul-Dogge?

Tru. Sound, sound still.

Ott. No, I protest, vnder correction—

Mrs. Ott. I, now you are vnder correction, you protest: but you did not protest before correction, Sir. Thou *Indas*, to offer to betray thy Princeffe! I'll make thee an example—

Mor. I will haue no such examples in my House, Lady
Otter.

Mrs. Ot. Ah—

Mor. *Mistris Mary Ambree*, your examples are dangerous. Rogues, Hell-hounds, *Stentors*, out of my doores, you sonnes of noyse and tumult, begot on an ill *May-day*, or when the Gally-foist is a float to *Westminster*! A Trumpeter could not be conceiu'd but then!

Daup. What ailes you, Sir?

Mor. They haue rent my Roofe, Walles, and all my Windores asunder, with their brazen throates.

Tru. Best follow him, *Dauphine*.

Daup. So I will.

Cle. Where's *Daw*, and *La-Foole*?

Ott. They are both runne away, Sir. Good Gentlemen, helpe to pacifie my Princeffe, and speake to the great Ladies for mee. Now must I geel ye with the Beares this fortnight, and keepe out o' the way, till my peace bee made, for this scandale shee has taken. Did you not see my Bull-head, Gentlemen?

Cle. Is't not on, Captaine?

Shee falls
vpon him
and beats
vpon him

Morose
tends
a long way

Tru

The silent Woman.

Tru. No: but hee may make a new one, by that, is on.

Ott. O, here 'tis. And you come ouer, Gentlemen, and aske for *Tom Otter*, wee'll goe downe to *Ratcliffe*, and haue a course yfaith: for all these disasters. There's *bona spes* left.

Tru. Away, Captaine, get off while you are well.

Cle. I am glad we are rid of him.

Tru. You had neuer beene, vnlesse wee had put his Wife vpon him. His humour is as tedious at last, as it was ridiculous at first.

Act III. Scene III.

*Haughty, Mistris Otter, Manis, Daw, La-Foole,
Censaure, Epicœne, Tru-wit, Clerimont.*

WE wondred why you shreek'd so, *Mistris Otter*.

Mrs. Ot. O God, Madame, hee came downe with a huge long naked Weapon in both his hands, and look'd so dreadfully! Sure, hee's beside himselfe.

Man. Why, what made you there, *Mistris Otter*?

Mrs. Ot. Alas, *Mistris Manis*, I was chastising my subiect, and thought nothing of him.

Daw. Faith, *Mistris*, you must doe so too. Learne to chastize. *Mistris Otter* corrects her Husband so, hee dares not speake, but vnder correction.

La-F. And with his Hat off to her: 't would doe you good to see.

Hau. In sadnesse 'tis good, and mature counsell: practise it, *Morose*. I'll call you *Morose* still now, as I call *Censaure*, and *Manis*: we foure will be all one.

Cen. And you'll come to the Colledge, and liue with vs?

Hau. Make him giue Milke, and Honey.

Man. Looke how you manage him at first, you shall haue him euer after.

Cen. Let him allow you your Coach, and foure Horses,
your

The silent Woman.

your Woman, your Chamber-maid, your Page your Gentleman-Vther, your *French Cooke*, and foure Groomes.

Hau. And goe with vs, to *Bed'lem*, to the *China Houses*, and to the *Exchange*.

Cen. It will open the gate to your fame.

Hau. Here's *Centaure* has immortaliz'd her selfe, with taming of her wilde Male.

Man. I, shee has done the Miracle of the Kingdome.

Epi. But Ladies, doe you count it lawfull to haue such pluralitie of Seruants, and doe 'hem all graces?

Hau. Why not? why should women denie their Fauours to men? Are they the poorer, or the worse?

Daw. Is the *Thames* the lesse for the *Dyers Water*, *Mistris*?

La-F. Or a Torch, for lighting many Torches?

Tru. Well said, *La-Foole*; what a new one hee has got!

Cen. They are emptie losses, women feare, in this kind.

Hau. Besides, Ladies should bee mindfull of the approach of age, and let no time want his due vse. The best of our dayes passe first.

Man. We are Rivers, that cannot bee call'd backe, *Madame*: shee that now excludes her Louers, may liue to lye a forsaken Beldame, in a frozen Bed.

Cen. 'Tis true, *Manis*: and who will wait on vs to coach then? or write, or tell vs the newes then? Make *Anagrams* of our names, and inuite vs to the Cock-pit, and kisse our hands all the Play-time, and draw their weapons for our honours?

Hau. Not one.

Daw. Nay, my Mistris is not altogether vn-intelligent of these things; here bee in presence haue tasted of her fauours.

Cle. What a neighing Hobby-horse is this!

Epi. But not with intent to boast 'hem againe, Seruant. And haue you those excellent Receits, *Madame*, to keepe your selues from bearing of Children?

Hau.

The silent Woman.

Haw. O yes, *Morose*. How should wee maintayne our youth and beauty, else? Many births of a woman make her old, as many crops make the Earth barren.

Act I III. Scene I III.

Morose, Dauphine, Tru-wit, Epicæne, Clerimont, Daw, Haughtie, La-Foole, Centaure, Manis, Mistress Otter, Trustie.

O My cursed Angell, that instructed me to this fate!
Daw. Why, Sir?

Mor. That I should be seduc'd by so foolish a Deuill, as a Barber will make!

Daup. I would I had beene worthy, Sir, to haue partaken your counsell, you should neuer haue trusted it to such a Minister.

Mor. Would I could redeeme it with the losse of an eye (Nephew) a hand or any other member.

Daup. Mary, God forbid, Sir, that you should geld your selfe, to anger your Wife.

Mor. So it would rid me of her! and, that I did supereogatorie penance, in a bel-fry, at *Westminster Hall*, i' the Cock-pit, at the fall of a Stagge; the Tower-Wharfe (what place is there else?) *London-bridge*, *Paris-garden*, *Belinsgate*, when the noyses are at their height and lowdest. Nay, I would sit out a Play, that were nothing but Fights at Sea, Drum, Trumpet, and Target!

Daup. I hope there shall bee no such need, Sir. Take patience, good Vncle. This is but a day, and 'tis well worne too now.

Mor. O, 'twill bee for-euer, Nephew, I fore-see it, for euer. Strife and tumult are the Dowrie that comes with a Wife.

Tru. I tolde you so, Sir, and you would not belecue mee.

Mor. Alas, doe not rub those wounds, Master *Tru-wit*,

The silent Woman.

to bloud againe: 'twas my negligence. Adde not affliction to affliction. I haue perceiu'd the effect of it, too late, in Madame Otter.

Epi. How doe you, Sir?

Mor. Did you euer heare a more vnecessary question? as if shee did not see! Why, I doe as you see, Empresse, Empresse.

Epi. You are not well, Sir! you looke very ill! something has distempered you.

Mor. O horrible, monstrous impertinences! would not one of these haue seru'd? doe you thinke, Sir? would not one of these haue seru'd?

Tru. Yes, Sir, but these are but notes of Female kindnesse, Sir: certaine tokens that she has a voice, Sir.

Mor. O, is't so? come, and 't be no otherwise——what say you?

Epi. How doe you feele your selfe, Sir?

Mor. Again, that!

Tru. Nay, looke you, Sir: you would bee friends with your Wife vpon vnconscionable termes, her silence——

Epi. They say you are runne madde, Sir.

Mor. Not for loue, I assure you, of you; doe you see?

Epi. O Lord, Gentlemen! Lay holde on him for Gods sake: what shall I doe? who's his Physician (can you tell) that knowes the state of his body best, that I might send for him? Good Sir, speake. I'll send for one of my Doctours else.

Mor. What, to poyson mee, that I might dye intestate, and leaue you posselt of all?

Epi. Lord, how idly he talkes, and how his eyes sparkle! He lookes Greene about the Temples! Do you see what blue spots he has?

Cle. I, it's melancholy.

Epi. Gentlemen, for Heauens sake counsell me. Ladies! Seruant, you haue read *Pliny*, and *Paracelsus*: Ner'e a word

The silent Woman.

now to comfort a poore Gentlewoman? Ay me! what fortune had I to marrie a distracted man?

Daw. I'll tell you, Mistris—

Tru. How rarely shee holds it vp!

Mor. What meane you, Gentlemen?

Epi. What will you tell me, Seruant?

Daw. The Disease in Greeke, is called *Mayia*, in Latine, *Insania*, *Furor*, *vel Ecstasis melancholica*, that is, *Egressio*, when a man *ex melancholico, euadit fanaticus*.

Mor. Shall I haue a Lecture read vpon me aliue?

Daw. But he may be but *Phreneticus*, yet, Mistris? and *Phrenetis* is only *delirium*, or so—

Epi. I, that is for the Disease, Seruant: but what is this to the cure? we are sure enough of the Disease.

Mor. Let me goe.

Tru. Why, wee'll intreat her to hold her peace, Sir.

Mor. O, no. Labour not to stop her. Shee is like a Conduit-pipe, that will gush out with more force, when shee opens againe.

Hau. I'll tell you, *Morose*, you must talke Diuinitie to her altogether, or morall Philosophy.

La-F. I, and there's an excellent Booke of morall Philosophy, Madame, of *Raynard* the Foxe, and all the Beasts, call'd *Dones* Philosophy.

Gen. There is, indeed, Sir *Amorous La-Foole*.

Mor. O misery!

La-F. I haue read it, my Lady *Centaure*, all ouer to my Cousin, here.

Mrs. Or. I, and 'tis a very good Booke as any is, of the Modernes.

Daw. Tut, he must haue *Seneca* read to him, and *Plutarch*, and the Ancients; the Modernes are not for this Disease.

Cle. Why, you discommended them too, to day, Sir
Iohn

Daw. I, in some Cases: but in these they are best, and *Aristotles Ethicks*.

Man.

The silent Woman.

Man. Say you so, Sir *Iohn*? I thinke you are deceiu'd : you tooke it vpon trust.

Han. Where's *Trusty*, my woman? I'll end this difference. Ipr'ythee, *Otter*, call her. Her Father and Mother were both mad, when they put her to mee.

Mor. I thinke so. Nay, Gentlemen, I am tame. This is but an exercise, I know a Marriage Ceremonie, which I must endure.

Han. And one of 'hem (I know not which) was cur'd with the *Sick-mans Salue*; and the other with *Greens Groats-worth of wit*.

Tru. A very cheape Cure, Madame.

Han. I, it's very feasible.

Mrs. Ot. My Lady call'd for you, Mistris *Trusty*: you must decide a Controuersie.

Han. O *Trusty*, which was it you said, your Father, or your Mother, that was cur'd with the *Sick-mans Salue*?

Truf. My Mother, Madame, with the *Salue*.

Tru. Then it was the *Sick-womans Salue*.

Truf. And my Father with the *Groats-worth of wit*. But there was other meanes vs'd: we had a Preacher that would preach folke asleepe still; and so they were prescrib'd to goe to Church, by an old Woman that was their Physician, thrise a Weeke——

Epi. To sleepe?

Truf. Yes forsooth: and euery night they reade themselves asleepe on those Bookes.

Epi. Good faith, it stands with great reason. I would I knew where to procure those Bookes.

Mor. Oh.

La-F. I can helpe you with one of 'hem, Mistris *Morose*, the *Groats-worth of wit*.

Epi. But I shall disfurnish you, Sir *Amorous*: can you spare it?

La-F. O, yes, for a Weeke, or so; I'll reade it my selfe to him.

The silent Woman.

Epi. No, I must doe that, Sir: that must be my office.

Mor. Oh, oh!

Epi. Sure, hee would doe well inough, if hee could sleepe.

Mor. No, I should doe well inough, if you could sleepe. Have I no friend that will make her drunke? or give her a little *ladanum*? or *opium*?

Tru. Why, Sir, shee talkes tenne times worse in her sleepe.

Mor. How!

Cle. Doe you not know that, Sir? neuer ceases all night.

Tru. And snores like a *Porcispice*.

Mor. O, redeeme me, Fate, redeeme me, Fate. For how how many causes may a man be diuorc'd, Nephew?

Daw. I know not truly, Sir.

Tru. Some Diuine must reselue you in that, Sir, or Canon Lawyer.

Mor. I will not rest, I will not thinke of any other hope or comfort till I know.

Cle. Alas, poore man.

Tru. You'll make him mad indeed, Ladies, if you pursue this.

Hau. No, wee'll let him breathe, now a quarter of an houre, or so.

Cle. By my faith, a large Truce.

Hau. Is that his keeper, that is gone with him?

Daw. It is his Nephew, Madame.

La-F. Sir *Dauphine*, *Eugenie*.

Cen. He lookes like a very pittifull Knight.

Daw. As can bee. This Marriage, has put him out of all.

La-F. He has not a penny in his Purse, Madame.

Daw. He is ready to cry all this day.

La-F. A very Sharke, hee set me i'the nicke t'other night
* at *Primero*.

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. How these Swabbers talke !

Cle. I, Otters Wine has swell'd their humours about a Spring-tide.

Hau. Good *Morose*, let's goe in againe. I like your couches exceeding well : wee'll goe lie, and talke there.

Epi. I wait on you, Madame.

Tru. 'Slight, I will haue 'hem as silent as Signes, and their Posts too, ere I ha' done. Doe you heare, Ladie-Bride ? I pray thee now, as thou art a noble Wench, continue this Discourse of *Dauphine* within : but prayse him exceedingly. Magnifie him with all the height of affection thou canst. (I haue some purpose in't) and but beate off these two Rookes, *Iack Daw*, and his fellow, with any discontentment hether, and I'll honour thee for euer.

Epi. I was about it, here. It angered me to the soule, to heare 'hem beginne to talke so malepert.

Tru. Pray thee performe it, and thou win'st mee an Idolater to thee, euerlasting.

Epi. Will you goe in, and heare me doe it ?

Cle. No, I'll stay heere. Driue 'hem out of your companie, 'tis all I aske : which cannot bee any way better done, then by extolling *Dauphine*, whome they haue so slighted.

Epi. I warrant you : you shall expect one of 'hem presently.

Cle. What a cast of Kastrils are these, to hawke after Ladies, thus ?

Tru. I, and strike at such an Eagle as *Dauphine*.

Cle. Hee will bee madde, when wee will tell him. Here he comes.

The silent Woman.

Act IIII. Scene V.

Clerimont, Tru-wit, Dauphine, Daw, La-Foole.

O Sir, you are welcome.

Tru. Where's thine Vncle?

Daup. Runne out o'doores in's Night-caps, to talke with a *Casnist*, about his Diuorce. It workes admirably.

Tru. Thou would'st ha' said so, and thou had'st been here! The Ladies haue laught at thee, most *Comically*, since thou went'st, *Dauphine*.

Cle. And askt, if thou wert thine Vncles keeper?

Tru. And the brace of Babouns answer'd, yes; and said, thou wert a pittifull poore fellow, and did'st liue vpon posts: and had'st nothing but three Sutes of Apparell, and some few Beneuolences that Lords ga'thee to foole to 'hem, and swagger.

Daup. Let mee not liue, I'll beate 'hem. I'll binde 'hem both to grand Madames Bed-postes, and haue 'hem bayted with Monkeyes.

Tru. Thou shalt not need, they shall bee beaten to thy hand, *Dauphine*. I haue an Execution to serue vpon 'hem, I warrant thee shall serue: trust my plot.

Daup. I, you haue many plots! So you had one, to make all the Wenches in loue with mee.

Tru. Why, if I doe not yet afore night, as neere as 'tis; and that they doe not euery one inuite thee, and bee ready to scratch for thee: take the morgage of my wit.

Cle. Fore God, I'll bee his witnesse; thou shalt haue it, *Dauphine*: thou shalt bee his Foole for euer, if thou dost not.

Tru. Agreed. Perhaps 'twill bee the better estate. Doe you obserue this Gallerie? or rather Lobby, indeed? Here are a couple of Studies, at each end one: here will I act such a *Tragi-comædy* betweene the *Guelphes*, and the *Ghibellines*,

The silent Woman.

bellines, Daw and La-Foole—which of 'hem comes out first will I seize on : (you two shall be the *Chorus* behind the *Aras*, and whip out betweene the *Acts*, and speake.) If I doe not make 'hem keepe the peace, for this remnant of the day, if not of the yeere, I haue saide once—I heare *Daw* coming : Hide, and doe not laugh, for Gods sake.

Daw. Which is the way into the Garden, trow ?

Tru. O, *Iack Daw* ! I am glad I haue met with you. In good faith, I must haue this matter goe no further betweene you. I must ha' it taken vp.

Daw. What matter, Sir ? Betweene whom ?

Tru. Come, you disguise it—Sir *Amorous* and you. If you loue me, *Iack*, you shal make vse of your Philosophy now, for this once, and deliuer me your Sword. This is not the Wedding the *Centaur*s were at, though there be a shee-one here. The Bride has entreated mee I will see no bloud shed at her Bridall, you saw her whisper me ere-while.

Daw. As I hope to finish *Tacitus*, I intend no Murder.

Tru. Doe you not wait for Sir *Amorous* ?

Daw. Not I, by my Knight-hood.

Tru. And your Schollership too ?

Daw. And my Schollership too.

Tru. Goe to, then I returne you your Sword, and aske you mercy ; but put it not vp, for you will bee assaulted. I vnderstood that you had apprehended it, and walke here to braue him : and that you had held your life contemptible, in regard of your honour.

Daw. No, no, no such thing I assure you. He and I parted now, as good friends as could be.

Tru. Trust not you to that Visor. I saw him since Dinner with another face : I haue knowne many men in my time vex'd with losses, with deaths, and with abuses, but so offended a Wight as Sir *Amorous*, did I neuer see, or read of. For taking away his Guests, Sir, to day, that's the cause : and he declares it behind your back, with such threatnings and contempts.—Hee said to *Dauphine*, you were the errandst Ass.—

Daw.

The silent Woman.

Daw. I, he may say his pleasure.

Tru. And swears you are so protested a Coward, that hee knowes you will neuer doe him any manly or single right, and therefore he will take his course.

Daw. I'll giue him any satisfaction, Sir—but fighting.

Tru. I, Sir, but who knowes what satisfaction hee'll take? bloud hee thirsts for, and bloud hee will haue: and where-about on you he will haue it, who knowes but himselfe?

Daw. I pray you, Master *Tru-wit*, be you a Mediator.

Tru. Well, Sir, conceale your selfe then in this studie, till I returne. Nay, you must bee content to bee loek'd in: for, for mine owne reputation I would not haue you seene to receiue a publique disgrace, while I haue the matter in managing. Gods so, here hee comes: keepe your breath close, that he doe not heare you sigh. In good faith, Sir *Amorous*, he is not this way, I pray you be mercifull, doe not murder him; hee is a Christian as good as you: you are arm'd as if you sought a reuenge on all his Race. Good *Dauphine*, get him away from this place. I neuer knew a mans choller so high, but hee would speake to his friends, he would heare reason. *Iack Daw, Iack Daw! a-sleepe?*

Daw. Is he gone, Master *Tru-wit*?

Tru. I, did you heare him?

Daw. O God, yes.

Tru. What a quicke eare feare has?

Daw. But is he so arm'd, as you say?

Tru. Arm'd? did you euer see a fellow, set out to take possession?

Daw. I, Sir.

Tru. That may giue you some light, to conceiue of him: but 'tis nothing to the principall. Some false Brother i'the house has furnish'd him strangely. Or, if it were out o'the house, it was *Tom Otter*.

Daw. Indeed, hee's a Captaine, and his Wife is his Kinswoman.

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. Hee has got some-bodies old two-hand-sword to mow you off at the knees. And that Sword hath spawn'd such a Dagger! — but then he is so hung with Pikes, Halberds, Peitronells, Calliuers, and Muskets, that hee lookes like a Iustice of Peace's Hall: a man of two thousand a yeere, is not sell'd at so many weapons, as he has on. There was neuer Fencer challeng'd at so many seuerall Foyles. You would think he meant to murder all Saint *Pulebres* Parish. If he could but victuall himselfe for halfe a yeere, in his breeches, he is sufficiently arm'd to ouer-runne a Countrie.

Daw. Good Lord, what meanes he, Sir! I pray you Master *Tru-mit*, be you a Mediator?

Tru. Well, I'll try if he will be appeas'd with a Legge or an Arme, if not you must die once.

Daw. I would be loth to loose my right Arme, for writing *Madrigalls*.

Tru. Why, if hee will bee satisfied with a thumb, or a little finger, all's one to me. You must think, I'll do my best.

Daw. Good Sir, doe.

Cle. What hast thou done?

Tru. He will let me doe nothing, man, hee do's all afore me, he offers his left arme.

Cle. His left wing, for a lack *Daw.*

Daw. Take it, by all meanes.

Tru. How! Maime a man for euer, for a iest? what a conscience hast thou?

Dawp. 'Tis no losse to him: hee has no employment for his Armes, but to eat spoone-meat. Beside, as goods maime his bodie as his reputation.

Tru. Hee is a Scholler, and a *Wit*, and yet hee do's not thinke so. But he looses no reputation with vs, for we all resolu'd him an Ass before. To your places againe.

Cle. I pray thee, let me be in at the other a little.

Tru. Looke, you'll spoyle all: these be euer your tricks.

Cle. No, but I could hit of somethings that thou wilt misse, and thou wilt say are good ones.

Tru. I warrant you. I pray forbear, I'll leaue it off, else

L

Dawp.

He puts him up againe, and then came forth.

The silent Woman.

Daup. Come away, *Glerimont*.

Tru. Sir *Amarous*!

La-F. Master *Tru-wit*.

Tru. Whither were you going?

La-F. Downe into the Court, to make water.

Tru. By no meanes, Sir, you shall rather tempt your breeches.

La-F. Why, Sir?

Tru. Enter here, if you loue your life.

La-F. Why! why!

Tru. Question till your throat be cut, doe; dally till the enraged soule find you.

La-F. Who's that?

Tru. *Daw* it is: will you in?

La-F. I, I, I'll in: what's the matter?

Tru. Nay, if hee had beene coole inough to tell vs that, there had beene some hope to attone you, but hee seems so implacably enrag'd.

La-F. Slight, let him rage. I'll hide my selfe.

Tru. Doe, good Sir. But what haue you done to him within, that should prouoke him thus? you haue broke some Iest vpon him, a-fore the Ladies—

La-F. Not I, neuer in my life, broke Iest vpon any man. The Bride was praying Sir *Dauphine*, and he went away in snuffe, and I followed him, vntill he tooke offence at me, in his drink ere while, that I would not pledge al the horse full.

Tru. By my faith, and that may be, you remember well: but he walkes the round vp and down, through euery roome o'the house, with a Towell in his hand, crying, where's *La-Foole*? who saw *La-Foole*? and when *Dauphine*, and I, demanded the cause, wee can force no answer from him, but (O reuenge, how sweete art thou! I will strangle him in this Towell) which leads vs to coniecture, that the maine cause of his furie is for bringing your meate to day, with a Towell about you, to his discredit.

La-F. Like inough. Why, and he be angry for that, I'll stay here, till his anger be blowne ouer.

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. A good becoming resolution, Sir. If you can put it on o' the sudden.

La-F. Yes, I can put it on. Or, I'll away into the Countrey presently.

Tru. How will you get out o' the house, Sir? Hee knowes you are i' the house, and hee'll watch you this se'n-night but hee'll haue you. Hee'll out-wait a Seriaunt for you.

La-F. Why, then I'll stay here.

Tru. You must thinke, how to virtuall your selfe in time, then.

La-F. Why, sweet Master *Truewit*, will you entreat my Cousin *Otter*, to send me a cold Venison Pasty, a Bottle or two of Wine, and a Chamber Pot.

Tru. A stoole were better, Sir, of Sir *Ajax* his inuention.

La-F. I, that will be better indeed: and a Pallat to lye on.

Tru. O, I would not aduise you to sleepe by any meanes.

La-F. Would you not, Sir? why, then I will not.

Tru. Yet, there's another feare—

La-F. Is there, Sir? What is't?

Tru. No, hee cannot breake open this doore with his foote, sure.

La-F. I'll set my backe against it, Sir. I haue a good backe.

Tru. But, then if he should batter.

La-F. Batter! if he dare, I'll haue an Action of Batt'ry, against him.

Tru. Cast you the worst. Hee has sent for poulder already, and what he will doe with it, no man knowes: perhaps blow vp the corner o' the house where hee suspects you are. Here he comes, in quickly. I protest, Sir *John Daw*, he is not this way: what will you doe? before God, you shall hang no *petarde* here. I'll dye rather. Will you not take my word? I neuer knew one but would be satisfied. Sir *Amoretti*, there's no standing out. Hee has made a *petarde* of an olde brasse Pot, to force your doore. Thinke vpon some satisfaction or termes, to offer him.

Hee fears
as if one
were pre-
sent, so
fright
other, who
is run
hide him
selfe.

La-F.

The silent Woman.

La-F. Sir, I'll giue him any satisfaction. I dare giue any termes,

Tru. You'll leaue it to me, then?

La-F. I, Sir. I'll stand to any conditions.

Hee calls
forth Cleri-
mont, and
Dauphine.

Tru. How now, what thinke you, Sirs? were't not a difficult thing to determine, which of these two fear'd most.

Cle. Yes; but this feares the brauest: the other a whiniling dastard, *Iack Daw*: but *La-Foole*, a braue heroique coward! and is afraid in a great looke, and a stout accent. I like him rarely.

Tru. Had it not beene pittie, these two should ha' beene conceal'd?

Cle. Shall I make a motion?

Tru. Briefly. For I must strike while 'tis hot.

Cle. Shall I goe fetch the Ladies to the *Catastrophe*?

Tru. Vmh? I, by my troth.

Daup. By no mortall meanes. Let them continue in the state of ignorance, and erre still: thinke 'hem wits, and fine fellows, as they haue done. 'Twere sinne to reforme them.

Tru. Well, I will haue 'hem fetch'd, now I thinke on't, for a priuate purpose of mine: doe, *Clerimont*, fetch 'hem, and discourse to 'hem all that's past, and bring 'hem into the Gallery here.

Daup. This is thy extreme vanitie, now: thou think'st thou wert vndone, if euery Iest thou mak'st were not publish'd.

Tru. Thou shalt see, how vniust thou art, presently. *Clerimont*, say it was *Dauphine's* plot. Trust mee not, if the whole drift bee not for thy good. There's a Carpet in the next roome, put it on, with this Scarfe ouer thy face, and a Cushion o' thy head, and be ready when I call *Amorous*. Away—*John Daw*.

Daw. What good newes, Sir?

Tru. Faith, I haue followed, and argued with him hard for you. I told him, you were a Knight, and a Scholler; and that you knew fortitude did consist *magis patiundo quam faciundo, magis ferendo quam feriendo*.

Daw. It doth so indeed, Sir,

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. And that you would suffer; I told him: so, at first he demanded, by my troth, in my conceipt, too much.

Daw. What was it, Sir.

Tru. Your vpper lip, and six o' your fore-teeth.

Daw. 'Twas vnreasonable.

Tru. Nay, I told him plainly, you could not spare 'hem all. So after long argument (*pro & con*, as you know) I brought him downe to your two Butter-teeth, and them he would haue.

Daw. O, did you so? why, he shall haue 'hem.

Tru. But he shall not, Sir, by your leaue. The conclusion is this, Sir, because you shall be very good friends hereafter, and this neuer to be remembred, or vpbrayded; besides, that he may not boast, he has done any such thing to you in his owne person: hee is to come here in disguise, giue you five kicks in private, Sir, take your Sword from you, and lock you vp in that Studie, during pleasure. Which will be but a little while, wee'll get it releas'd presently.

Daw. Five kicks? he shall haue six, Sir, to be friends.

Tru. Beleeue me, you shall not ouer-shoot your selfe, to send him that word by me.

Daw. Deliuer it, Sir. He shall haue it with all my heart, to be friends.

Tru. Friends? Nay, and he should not be so, and heartily too, vpon these termes, he shall haue me to enemie while I liue. Come, Sir, beare it brauely.

Daw. O God, Sir, 'tis nothing.

Tru. Tru. What's six kicks to a man, that reade *Seneca*?

Daw. I haue had a hundred, Sir.

Tru. Sir *Amorons*. No speaking one to another, or re-
hearsing old matters. Dauphine comes forth

Daw. One, two, three, foure, five. I protest, Sir *Amo-*
rous, you shall haue six. and kicks him.

Tru. Nay, I told you should not talke. Come giue him six, and he will needs. Your Sword. Now returne to your safe custody: you shall presently meete afore the Ladies, and be

—the

The silent Woman.

the dearest friends one to another—Give mee the Scarfe, now, thou shalt beat the other bare-fac'd. Stand by, Sir *Amorous*.

La-F. What's here? A Sword.

Tru. I cannot helpe it, without I should take the quarrell vpon my selfe: here he has sent you his Sword—

La-F. I'll receiue none on't.

Tru. And hee wils you to fasten it against a wall, and breake your head in some few seuerall places against the Hilts.

La-F. I will not: tell him roundly. I cannot endure to shed my owne bloud.

Tru. Will you not?

La-F. No. I'll beat it against a faire flat wall, if that will satisfie him: If not, he shall beat it himselfe, for *Amorous*.

Tru. Why, this is strange starting off, when a man vnder-takes for you! I offered him another condition: Will you stand to that?

La-F. I, what is't.

Tru. That you will be beaten, in priuate.

La-F. Yes, I am content, at the blunt.

Tru. Then you must submit your selfe to bee hood-wink'd in this Skarfe, and bee led to him, where hee will take your Sword from you, and make you beare a blow, ouer the Mouth, *Gules*, and tweakes by the Nose, *Sans nombre*.

La-F. I am content. But why must I be blinded?

Tru. That's for your good, Sir: because, if hee should grow insolent vpon this, and publish it hereafter to your disgrace (which I hope hee will not doe) you might sweare safely and protest, hee neuer beate you to your knowledge.

La-F. O, I conceiue.

Tru. I doe not doubt, but you'll bee perfect good friends vpon't, and not dare to vtter an ill thought one of another, in future.

La-F.

The Silent Woman.

La-F. Not I, as God helpe me, of him.
Tru. Nor he of you, Sir. If he should—Come, Sir. All hid, Sir *Iohn*.

La-F. Oh, Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*. Oh, ô-ô-ô-ô-ô-Oh—

Tru. Good Sir *Iohn*, leaue tweaking, you'll blow his Nose off. 'Tis Sir *Iohn's* pleasure, you should retyre into the Studie. Why, now you are friendes. All bitternesse betweene you, I hope, is buried; you shall come forth by and by, *Damon* and *Pythias* vpon't: and embrace with all the ranknesse of Friendship that can bee. I trust, we shall haue 'hem tamer i'their Language hereafter. *Dauphine*, I worship thee. Gods will, the Ladies haue surpris'd vs!

Dauphine
enters to
tweake his

Act IIII. Scene VI.

*Haughty, Centaure, Manis, Mistris Otter, Epicæne,
Trusty, Dauphine, Tru-wit, &c.*

*Having discovered part
of the past
Scene above:*

Centaure, how our iudgements were impos'd on by these adulterate Knights!

Cen. Nay, Madame, *Manis* was more deceiu'd then wee, 't was her commendation vtter'd 'hem in the Colledge.

Man. I commended but their wits, Madame, and their braueries. I neuer look'd toward their valours.

Hau. Sir *Dauphine* is valiant, and a wit too, it seemes.

Man. And a brauery too.

Hau. Was this his proiect?

Mis. Ot. So Master *Clerimont* intimates, Madame.

Hau. Good *Morose*, when you come to the Colledge, will you bring him with you? Hee seemes a very perfect Gentleman.

Epi. He is so, Madame, belecue it.

Cen. But when will you come, *Morose*?

Epi. Three or foure dayes hence, Madame, when I haue got me a Coach, and Horses.

Hau.

The Silent Woman.

Han. No, to morrow, good *Morose*, *Centaure* shall send you her Coach.

Man. Yes faith, doe, and bring Sir *Dauphine* with you.

Han. Shee has promis'd that *Manis*.

Man. Hee is a very worthy Gentleman, in his exteriors, Madame.

Han. I, he shewes he is iudiciall in his clothes.

Cen. And yet not so superlatiuey neat as some, Madame, that haue their faces set in a Brake!

Han. I, and haue euery haire in forme!

Man. That weare purer Linnen then our selues, and professe more neatnesse, then the *French Hermaphrodite*!

Epi. I Ladies, they, what they tell one of vs, haue tolde a thousand, and are the only Theeues of our fame: that thinke to take vs with that Perfume, or with that Lace, and laugh at vs vn-conscionably when they haue done.

Han. But, Sir *Dauphines* carelesnesse becomes him.

Cen. I could loue a man, for such a Nose!

Man. Or such a Legge!

Cen. He has an exceeding good eye, Madame!

Man. And a very good Lock!

Cen. Good *Morose*, bring him to my Chamber first.

Mrs. Ot. Please your Honours, to meeete at my House, Madame?

Tru. See, how they eye thee, man! they are taken I warrant thee.

Han. You haue vnbrac'd our brace of Knights, heere, Master *Tru-wit*.

Tru. Not I, Madame, it was Sir *Dauphines* inginer: who, if he haue disfurnish'd your Ladiship of any guard, or seruice by it, is able to make the place good againe, in himself.

Han. There's no suspicion of that, Sir.

Cen. God so, *Manis*; *Haughty* is kissing.

Man. Let vs goe too, and take part.

Han. But I am glad of the fortune (beside the discouerie of two such emptie Caskers) to gaine the knowledge of so rich a Mine of Vertue, as Sir *Dauphine*.

Cen.

The silent Woman.

Gen. Wee would bee all glad to stile him of our friendship, and see him at the Colledge.

Man. Hee cannot mixe with a sweeter Societic, I'll prophesie, and I hope he himselfe will thinke so.

Daup. I should be rude to imagine otherwise, Ladie.

Tru. Did not I tell thee, *Dauphine*? Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they doe any thing: but as they are inform'd, belecue, iudge, prayse, condemne, loue, hate, and in emulation one of another, doe all these things alike. Oncely, they haue a naturall inclination swayes 'hem generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves. But, pursue it, now thou hast 'hem.

Hau. Shall we goe in againe, *Morose*?

Epi. Yes, Madame.

Gen. Wee'll entreate Sir *Dauphines* company.

Tru. Stay, good Madame, the inter-view of the two friends, *Pylades* and *Orestes*: I'll fetch 'hem out to you straight.

Hau. Will you Master *Tru-wit*?

Daup. I, but noble Ladies, do not confesse in your countenance, or outward bearing to 'hem any discouerie of their follies, that wee may see, how they will beare vp againe, with what assurance, and erection.

Hau. We will not, Sir *Dauphine*.

Gen. Man. Vpon our honours, Sir *Dauphine*.

Tru. Sir *Amorous*, Sir *Amorous*. The Ladies are here.

La-F. Are they?

Tru. Yes, but slip out by and by, as their backes are turn'd, and meet Sir *Iohn* here, as by chance, when I call you: *lack Daw.*

Daw. What say you, Sir?

Tru. Whip out behinde mee suddenly: and no anger i' your lookes to your Aduersarie. Now, now.

La-F. Noble Sir *Iohn Daw*! where ha'you beene?

Daw. To seeke you, Sir *Amorous*.

M

La-F.

The silent Woman.

La-F. Me! I honour you.

Daw. I preuent you, Sir.

Cle. They haue forgot their Rapiers!

Tru. O, they meet in peace, man.

Daup. Where's your Sword, Sir *John*?

Cle. And yours, Sir *Amorous*?

Daw. Mine! my Boy had it forth, to mend the handle,
cene now.

La-F. And my gold handle was broke too, and my Boy
had it forth.

Daup. Indeed, Sir? How their excuses meet!

Cle. What a consent there is, i' the handles?

Tru. Nay, there is so i' the points too, I warrant you.

Mrs. Ot. O me! Madame, hee comes againe, the madde
man, away.

Act. IIII. Scene VII.

Morose, Tru-wit, Clerimont, Dauphine.

Hee had
found the
two Swords
drawne
within.

WHat make these naked weapons here, Gentlemen?
Tru. O, Sir! here hath like to beene muder since
you went! A couple of Knights fallen out about the Brides
fauours: we were faine to take away their weapons, your
house had beene begg'd by this time else—

Mor. For what?

Cle. For Man slaughter, Sir, as being accessary.

Mor. And, for her fauours?

Tru. I, Sir, heretofore, not present. *Clerimont*, carrie
them their Swords, now. They haue done all the hurt they
will doe.

Daup. Ha' you spoke with a Lawyer, Sir?

Mor. O, no! there is such a noyse i' the Court, that they
haue frightened me home, with more violence then I went!
such speaking, and counter-speaking, with their seuerall
voyces of Citations, Appellations, Allegations, Certificates,
At-

The silent Woman.

Attachments, Intergatories, References, Convictions, and Afflictions indeed, among the Doctors and Proctors! that the noyse here is silence too't! a kind of mid-night!

Tru. Why, Sir, if you would bee resolu'd indeed, I can bring you hither a very sufficient Lawyer, and a Learned Diuine, that shall inquire into euery least scruple for you.

Mor. Can you Master *Tru-wit*?

Yes, and are very sober graue persons, that will dispatch it in a Chamber, with a whisper, or two.

Mor. Good Sir, shall I hope this benefit from you, and trust my selfe into your hands?

Tru. Alas, Sir! your Nephew, and I, haue beene asham'd, and oft-times mad since you went, to thinke how you are abus'd. Goe in, good Sir, and locke your selfe vp till we call you, wee'll tell you more anon, Sir.

Mor. Doe your pleasure with mee, Gentlemen; I beleeue in you: and that deserues no delusion——

Tru. You shall find none, Sir: but heapt, heapt plentie of vexation.

Daup. What wilt thou doe now, *Wit*?

Tru. Recouer me hither *Otter*, and the Barber if you can, by any meanes, presently.

Daup. Why? to what purpose?

Tru. O, I'll make the deepest Diuine, and grauest Lawyer, out o' them two, for him——

Daup. Thou canst not man, these are waking Dreames.

Tru. Doe not feare mee. Clap but a Ciuill Gowne with a Welt, o' the one; and a Canonick Cloke with Sleeues, o' the other: and giue 'hem a few termes i' their mouthes, if there come not forth as able a Doctor, and compleat a Parson, for this turne, as may bee wish'd, trust not my Election. And, I hope without wronging the dignitie of eyther Profession, since they are but persons put on, and for mirths sake, to torment him. The Barber smatters *Latine*, I remember.

Daup. Yes, and *Otter* too.

The silent Woman.

Tru. Well then, if I make 'hem not wrangle out this Case, to his no comfort, let mee bee thought a *lack Daw*, or *La-Foole*, or any thing worse, Goe you to your Ladies, but first send for them.

Daup. I will.

Act V. Scene I.

La-Foole, Clerimont, Daw, Manis.

WHere had you our Swords, Master *Clerimont*?

Cle. Why, *Dauphine* tooke 'hem from the mad-man.

La-F. And hee tooke 'hem from our Boyes, I warrant you?

Cle. Very like, Sir.

La-F. Thanke you good Master *Clerimont*. Sir *Iohn Daw*, and I are both beholden to you.

Cle. Would I knew how to make you so, Gentlemen:

Daw. Sir *Amorous*, and I are your Seruants, Sir.

Man. Gentlemen, haue any of you a Pen-and-Inke. I would faine write out a Riddle in *Italian*, for Sir *Dauphine*, to translate.

Cle. Not I, in troth Lady, I am no Scriuener.

Daw. I can furnish you, I thinke, Lady.

Cle. He has it in the Haft of a Knife, I belecue!

La-F. No, he has his Boxe of Instruments.

Cle. Like a Surgean!

La-F. For the *Mathematiques*: his Squire, his Compasses, his Brasse Pens, and Black-lead, to draw Maps of euery place, and person, where he comes.

Cle. How, Maps of persons!

La-F. Yes, Sir, of *Nomentack*, when he was here, and of the Prince of *Moldania*, and of his Mistris, Mistris *Epicæne*.

Cle. Away! he has not found out her Latitude, I hope.

La-F. You are a pleasant Gentleman, Sir.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. Faith, now we are in priuate, let's wanton it a little, and talke waggishly. *Sir Iohn*, I am telling *Sir Amorous* here, that you two gouerne the Ladies, where e're you come: you carry the Feminine Gender afore you.

Daw. They shall rather carry vs afore them, if they will, Sir.

Cle. Nay, I belecue that they doe, withall—But, that you are the prime-men in their affections, and direct all their actions—

Daw. Not I: *Sir Amorous* is.

La-F. I protest, *Sir Iohn* is.

Daw. As I hope to rise i'the state, *Sir Amorous*, you ha' the person.

La-F. *Sir Iohn*, you ha' the person, and the Discourse too.

Daw. Nor I, Sir. I haue no discourse—and then you haue actiuitie beside.

La-F. I protest, *Sir Iohn*, you come as high from *Tripoly*, as I doe euery whit: and lift as many ioynd stooles, and leape ouer 'hem, if you would vse it—

Cle. Well, agree on't together Knights; for betweene you, you diuide the Kingdome, or Common-wealth of Ladies affections: I see it, and can perceiue a little how they obserue you, and feare you, indeed. You could tell strange Stories, my Masters, if you would, I know.

Daw. Faith, we haue seene somewhat, Sir.

La-F. That we haue—Vellert Petticoates, and wrought Smocks, or so.

Daw. I, and—

Cle. Nay, out with it, *Sir Iohn*: doe not enuie your friend the pleasure of hearing, when you haue had the delight of tasting.

Daw. Why—a—doe you speake, *Sir Amorous*.

La-F. No, doe you, *Sir Iohn Daw.*

Daw. I'faith, you shall.

La-F. I'faith, you shall.

Daw. Why, we haue beene—

La-F.

The Silent Woman.

La-F. In the great Bed at *Ware* together in our time. On;
Sir John.

Daw. Nay, doe you, *Sir Amorous.*

Cle. And these Ladies with you, Knights?

La-F. No, excuse vs, Sir.

Daw. We must not wound reputation.

La-F. No matter—they were these, or others. Our bath
cost vs fiftene pound, when we came home.

Cle. Doe you heare, *Sir John*, you shall tell mee but one
thing truly, as you loue me.

Daw. If I can, I will, Sir.

Cle. You lay in the same house with the Bride, here?

Daw. Yes, and conuerst with her houely, Sir.

Cle. And what humour is she of? is shee comming, and
open, free?

Daw. O, exceeding open, Sir. I was her Seruant, and *Sir
Amorous* was to be.

Cle. Come, you haue both had fauours from her? I know,
and haue heard so much.

Daw. O, no, Sir.

La-F. You shall excuse vs, Sir: we must not wound re-
putation.

Cle. Tut, shee is married, now; and you cannot hurt her
with any report, and therefore speake plainly: how many
times, yfaith? which of you lead first? Ha?

La-F. *Sir John* had her Mayden-head, indeed.

Daw. O, it pleases him to say so, Sir, but *Sir Amorous*
knowes what's what, as well.

Cle. Do'st thou yfaith, *Amorous*?

La-F. In a manner, Sir.

Cle. Why, I commend you Lads. Little knowes *Don
Bride* groome of this. Nor shall he, for me.

Daw. Hang him, mad Oxe.

Cle. Speake softly: here comes his Nephew, with the *La-
die Haughty*. Hee'll get the Ladies from you, Sirs, if you
looke not to him in time.

La-F

The silent Woman.

La-F. Why, if he doe, wee'll fetch 'hem home againe, I warrant you.

Act V. Scene II.

*Haughtie, Dauphine, Centaure, Manis,
Clerimont.*

I Assure you, Sir *Dauphine*, it is the price and estimation of your vertue only, that hath embarqu'd mee to this adventure, and I could not but make out to tell you; nor can I repent me of the act, since it is alwayes an argument of some vertue in our selues, that wee loue and affect it so in others.

Daup. Your Ladiship sets too high a price, on my weakness.

Han. Sir, I can distinguish Gemmes from Peebles——

Daup. (Are you so skilfull in Stones?)

Han. And, howsoever I may suffer in such a iudgement as yours, by admitting equality of ranke, or societie, with *Centaure*, or *Manis*——

Daup. You doe not, Madame, I perceiue they are your mere Foyles.

Han. Then are you a friend to truth, Sir. It makes mee loue you the more. It is not the outward, but the inward man that I affect. They are not apprehensiu of an eminent perfection, but loue flat, and dully.

Cen. Where are you, my Lady *Haughty*.

Han. I come presently, *Centaure*. My Chamber, Sir, my Page shall show you; and *Trusty*, my woman, shall be euer awake for you: you neede not feare to communicate any thing with her, for shee is a *Fidelia*. I pray you weare this Jewell for my sake, Sir *Dauphine*. Where's *Manis*, *Centaure*?

Cen. Within, Madame, a writing. I'll follow you presently. I'll but speake a word with Sir *Dauphine*.

Daup.

The silent Woman.

Daup. With me, Madame?

Cen. Good Sir *Dauphine*, doe not trust *Haughty*, nor make any credit to her, what euer you doe besides. Sir *Dauphine*, I giue you this caution, shee is a perfect Courtier; and loues no body, but for her vses: and for her vses, she loues all. Besides, her Phisicians giue her out to be none o'the cleereft, whether she pay 'hem or no, Heau'n knowes: and she's aboue fiftie too, and pargets! See her in a fore-noone. Heere comes *Manis*, a worse face then shee! you would not like this, by Candle-light. If you'll come to my Chamber one o' these Mornings early, or late in an Euening, I'll tell you more. Where's *Haughty*, *Manis*?

Man. Within, *Centaure*.

Cen. What ha' you, there?

Man. An *Italian* Riddle for Sir *Dauphine*, (you shall not see it yfaith, *Centaure*.) Good Sir *Dauphine*, solue it for me. I'll call for it anon.

Cle. How now, *Dauphine*? how do'st thou quit thy selfe of these Females?

Daup. 'Slight, they haunt me like *Fayries*, and giue mee Jewels here, I cannot be rid of 'hem.

Cle. O, you must not tell, though.

Daup. Masse, I forgot that: I was neuer so assaulted. One loues for vertue, and bribes mee with this. Another loues mee with caution, and so would possesse mee. A third brings mee a Riddle here, and all are iealous: and raile each at other.

He reades
the Paper.

Cle. A Riddle? pray le' mee see't? Sir *Dauphine*, I chose this way of intimation for priuacie. The Ladies here, I know, haue both hope, and purpose, to make a Collegiate and Seruant of you. If I might bee so honour'd, as to appeare at any end of so noble a Worke, I would enter into a fame of taking Phisicke to morrow, and continue you it foure or five dayes, or longer, for your visitation. *Manis*. By my faith, a subtile one! Call you this a Riddle? What's their plaine dealing, trow?

Daup. We lack *Tru-wit*, to tell vs that.

Cle.

The silent Woman.

Cle. Wee lacke him for somewhat else too: his Knights *reformados* are wound vp as high, and insolent, as euer they were.

Daup. You iest.

Cle. No Drunkards, either with Wine or Vanitie, euer confess'd such Stories of themselues. I would not giue a Flyes legge, in ballance against all the womens reputations here, if they could be but thought to speake truth: and, for the Bride, they haue made their *affidauit* against her directly—

Daup. What, they haue lyen with her?

Cle. Yes, and tell times, and circumstances, with the cause why, and the place where. I had almost brought 'hem to affirme that they had done it, to day.

Daup. Not both of 'hem.

Cle. Yes faith: with a sooth or two more I had effected it. They would ha' set it downe vnder their hands.

Daup. Why, they will bee our sport, I see, still! whether we will, or no.

Act V. Scene III.

Tru-wit, Morose, Otter, Cuiberd, Clerimont, Dauphine:

O. Are you here? Come *Dauphine*, Goe call your Vncle presently. I haue fitted my Diuine, and my Canonist, dyed their Beards and all: the Knaues doe not know themselues they are so exalted, and alter'd. Preferment changes any man. Thou shalt keepe one doore, and I another, and then *Clerimont* in the midst, that hee may haue no meanes of escape from their cauilling, when they grow hot once againe. And then the women (as I haue given the Bride her instructions) to breake in vpon him, i' the *l'enuoy*. O, 'twill bee full and twanging! Away, fetch him. Come, Master Doctor, and Master Parson, looke to your parts now, and discharge 'hem brauely: you are well set forth, performe

The silent Woman.

it as well. If you chance to be out, doe not confesse it with standing still, or humming, or gaping one at another: but go on, and talke aloud, and eagerly, vse vehement action, and onely remember your termes, and you are safe. Let the matter goe where it will: you haue many will doe so. But at first, be very solemne, and graue like your garments, though you lose your selues after, and skip out like a brace of Iugglers on a Table. Here he comes! set your faces, and looke superciliously, while I present you.

Mor. Are these the two learned men?

Tru. Yes, Sir, please you salute 'hem?

Mor. Salute 'hem? I had rather doe any thing, then weare out time so vnfruitfully, Sir. I wonder, how these common formes, as *God save you*, and *you are well-come*, are come to be a habit in our liues! or, *I am glad to see you*! when I cannot see, what the profit can be of these words, so long as it is no whit better with him, whose affaires are sad, and grieuous, that he heares this salutation.

Tru. 'Tis true, Sir, wee'll goe to the matter then. Gentlemen, Master Doctor, and Master Parson, I haue acquainted you sufficiently with the businesse, for which you are come hither. And you are not now to enforme your selues in the state of the question, I know. This is the Gentleman, who expects your resolution, and therefore, when you please, begin.

Ort. Please you, Master Doctor.

Cut. Please you, good Master Parson.

Ort. I would heare the Canon-law speake first.

Cut. It must giue place to positie Diuinitie, Sir.

Mor. Nay, good Gentlemen, doe not throw me into circumstances. Let your comforts arriue quickly at me, those that are. Be swift in affoording mee my peace, if so I shall hope any. I loue not your Disputations, or your Court-rumults. And that it be not strange to you, I will tell you. My Father, in my education, was woont to aduise mee, that I should alwayes collect, and contayne my mind, not suffering

The silent Woman.

it to flow loosely; that I should looke to what things were necessarie to the carriage of my life, and what not: embracing the one and eschewing the other. In short, that I should endear my selfe to rest, and auoid turmoile: which now is growne to bee another nature to mee. So that I come not to your publike pleadings, or your places of noyse; not that I neglect those things, that make for the dignitie of the Common-wealth: but for the meere auoyding of clamours, and impertinences of Orators, that know not how to bee silent. And for the cause of noyse, am I now a sutor to you. You doe not know in what a miserie I haue beene exercis'd this day, what a torrent of euill! My very House turnes round with the tumult! I dwell in a Wind-mill! The perpetuall about motion is here, and not at *Eltham*.

Tru. Well, good Master Doctor, will you breake the ice? Master Parson will wade after.

Cut. Sir, though vnworthy, and the weaker, I will presume.

Ott. 'Tis no presumption, *Domine* Doctor.

Mor. Yet againe!

Cut. Your question is, for how many causes a man may haue *diuortium legitimum*, a lawfull Diuorce. First, you must vnderstand the nature of the word Diuorce, *a diuertendo*—

Mor. No excursions vpon words, good Doctor, to the question briefly.

Cut. I answered then, the Canon-law affords Diuorce but in few cases, and the principall is in the common case, the adulterous case. But there are *duodecim impedimenta*, twelue impediments (as wee call 'hem) all which doe not *dirimere contractum*, but *irritum reddere matrimonium*, as wee say in the Canon-law, *not take away the bond, but cause a nullitie therein*.

Mor. I vnderstood you, before: good Sir, auoyd your impertinencie of Translation.

Ott. He cannot open this too much, Sir, by your fauour.

Mor. Yet more!

The silent Woman.

Tru. O, you must giue the learned men leaue, Sir. To your impediments, Master Doctor.

Cut. The first is *impedimentum erroris*.

Ott. Of which there are seuerall species.

Cut. I, as *error persona*.

Ott. If you contract your selfe to one person, thinking her another.

Cut. Then, *error fortune*.

Ott. If she be a Begger, and you thought her rich.

Cut. Then, *error qualitatis*.

Ott. If shee prooue stubborne, or head-strong, that you thought obedient.

Mor. How? is that, Sir, a lawfull impediment? One at once, I pray you Gentlemen.

Ott. I, *ante copulam*, but not *post copulam*, Sir.

Cut. Master Parson sayes right. *Nec post nuptiarum benedictionem*. It doth indeed but *irritare reddere sponsalia*, annull the Contract: after Marriage it is of no obstancy.

Tru. Alas, Sir, what a hope are wee fall'n from, by this time!

Cut. The next is *conditio*: if you thought her free borne, and shee prooue a bond-woman, there is impediment of estate and condition.

Ott. I, but Master Doctor, those seruitudes are *sublatæ*, now, among vs Christians.

Cut. By your fauour, Master Parson—

Ott. You shall giue me leaue, Master Doctor.

Mor. Nay, Gentlemen, quarrell not in that question; it concernes not my case: passe to the third.

Cut. Well then, the third is *votum*. If either partie haue made a vow of Chastitie. But that practice, as Master Parson said of the other, is taken away among vs, thanks bee to discipline. The fourth is *cognatio*: if the persons bee of kinne, within the degrees.

Ott. I: doe you know, what the degrees are, Sir?

Mor. No, nor I care not, Sir: they offer me no comfort in the question, I am sure.

Cut.

The silent Woman.

Cut. But, there is a branch of this impediment may, which is *cognatio spiritualis*. If you were her Godfather, Sir, then the Marriage is incestuous.

Ott. That *comment* is absurd, and superstitious, Master Doctor. I cannot endure it. Are wee not all Brothers and Sisters, and as much a kinne in that, as God-fathers, and God-daughters?

Mor. O me! to end the Controuersie, I neuer was a God-father, I neuer was a God-father id my life, Sir. Passe to the next.

Cut. The fift is *crimen adulterij*: the knowne Case. The sixt, *cultus disparitas*, difference of Religion: haue you euer examin'd her what Religion she is of?

Mor. No, I would rather shee were of none, then bee put to the trouble of it!

Ott. You may haue it done for you, Sir.

Mor. By no meanes, good Sir, on to the rest: shall you euer come to an end, thinke you?

Tru. Yes, he has done halfe, Sir. (On, to the rest) be patient, and expect, Sir.

Cut. The seuenth is, *vis*: if it were vpon compulsion, or force.

Mor. O no, it was too voluntary, mine: too voluntary.

Cut. The eighth is, *ordo*: if euer shee haue taken holy Orders.

Ott. That's superstitious, too.

Mor. No matter, Master Parson: would she would goe into a Nunnerie yet.

Cut. The ninth is, *ligamen*: if you were bound, Sir, to any other before.

Mor. I thrust my selfe too soone into these Fetters.

Cut. The tenth is, *publica honestas*: which is *inchoata quaedam affinitas*.

Ott. I, or *affinitas orta ex sponsalibus*: and is but *leue impedimentum*.

Mor.

The silent Woman.

Mor. I feele no ayre of comfort blowing to mee, in all this.

Cut. The eleuenth is, *affinitas ex fornicatione*.

Ott. Which is no lesse *vera affinitas*, then the other Master Doctor.

Cut. True, *qua oritur ex legitimo matrimonio*.

Ott. You say right, venerable Doctor. And, *nascitur ex eo, quod per coniugium due persona efficiuntur una caro*—

Mor. Hey-day, now they beginne.

Cut. I conceiue you, Master Parson. *Ita per fornicationem aequae est verus pater, qui sic generat*—

Ott. *Et vere filius qui sic generatur*—

Mor. What's all this to me?

Cle. Now it growes warme.

Cut. The twelfth, and last is, *si forte coire nequibis*.

Ott. I, that is *impedimentum grauissimum*. It doth vterly annull, and annihilate, that. If you haue *manifestam frigiditatem*, you are well, Sir.

Tru. Why, there is comfort come at length, Sir. Confesse your selfe but a man vnable, and shee will sue to be diuorc'd first.

Ott. I, or if there be *morbus perpetuus, & insanabilis*, as *Paralysis, Elephantiasis*, or so—

Damp. O, but *frigidity* is the fairer way, Gentlemen.

Ott. You say troth, Sir, and as it is in the Canon Master Doctor.

Cut. I conceiue you, Sir.

Cle. Before he speaks.

Ott. That a Boy, or child, under yeeres, is not fit for marriage, because he cannot *reddere debitum*. So your *omnipotentes*—

Tru. Your *impotentes*, you whorson Lobster.

Ott. Your *impotentes*, I should say, are *minime apti ad contrahenda matrimonium*.

Tru. *Matrimonium*? We shall haue most vn-matrimoniall Latin, with you: *Matrimonia*, and be hang'd.

Damp.

The silent Woman.

Daup. You put 'hem out, man.

Cut. But then there will arise a doubt, Master Parson, in our Case, *post Matrimonium*: that *frigidity premitus* (doe you conceiue me, Sir?)

Ott. Very well, Sir.

Cut. Who cannot *uti uxore pro uxore*, may *habere eam pro sorore*.

Ott. Absurd, absurd, absurd, and meerly *Apostaticall*.

Cut. You shall pardon me, Master Parson, I can proue it.

Ott. You can proue a Will, Master Doctor, you can proue nothing else. Do's not the Verse of your owne *Canan* say, *Hec socianda vetant connubia, facta retractant*—

Cut. I grant you, but how doe they *retractare*, Master Parson?

Mor. (O, this was it, I fear'd.)

Ott. In *eternum*, Sir.

Cut. That's false in *Diuinitie*, by your fauour.

Ott. 'Tis false in *humanitie*, to say so. Is hee not *prorsus inutilis ad Thorum*? Can he *præstare fidem datam*? I would faine know.

Cut. Yes: how if he doe *conualere*?

Ott. He cannot *conualere*, it is impossible.

Tru. Nay, good Sir, attend the learned men, they'll thinke you neglect 'hem else.

Cut. Or, if he doe *simulare* himselfe *frigidum, odio uxoris*, or so?

Ott. I say, he is *adulter manifestus*, then.

Daup. (They dispute it very learnedly, yfaith.)

Ott. And *prostitutor uxoris*, and this is positive.

Mor. Good Sir, let me escape.

Tru. You will not doe me that wrong, Sir?

Ott. And therefore, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, Sir—

Cut. I, if he be *manifeste frigidus*, I grant you—

Ott. Why, that was my conclusion.

Cut. And mine too.

Tru. Nay, heare the conclusion, Sir.

Ott.

The Silent Woman.

Ott. Then *frigiditatis causa*—

Cut. Yes, *causa frigiditatis*—

Mor. O, mine cares!

Ott. She may haue *libellum dinortij*, against you.

Cut. I, *dinortij libellum* she will sure haue.

Mor. Good *Eccho's*, forbear.

Ott. If you confesse it.

Cut. Which I would doe, Sir—

Mor. I will doe any thing—

Ott. And cleere my selfe in *Foro Conscientia*—

Cut. Because you want indeed---

Mor. Yet more?

Ott. *Exercendi potestate*.

Act V. Scene IIII.

*Epicæne, Morose, Haughty, Centaure, Maais, Mistris Otter,
Daw, Tru-wit, Dauphine, Clerimont, La-Foole,
Otter, Cutberd.*

I Wil not endure it any longer. Ladies, I beseech you helpe me. This is such a wrong, as neuer was offer'd to poore Bride before. Vpon her Marriage day, to haue her Husband conspire against her, and a couple of Mercenary Companions, to be brought in for formes sake, to perswade a Separation! If you had bloud, or vertue in you, Gentlemen, you would not suffer such Eare-wigs about a Husband, or Scorpions, to creepe betweene Man and Wife----

Mor. O, the varietie, and changes of my torment!

Hau. Let 'hem bee cudgell'd out of doores, by our Groomes.

Cen. I'll lend you my Foot-man.

Man. Wee'll haue our men blanket 'hem i'the Hall.

M^{rs}. Ot. As there was one, at our House, Madame, for peeping in at the doore.

Daw. Content, yfaith.

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. Stay, Ladies, and Gentlemen, you'll heare, before
uproceed?

Man. I'lld ha' the Bride-groome blanketed, too.

Cen. Begin with him first.

Hau. Yes, by my troth.

Mor. O, Mankind Generation!

Daup. Ladies, for my sake forbear.

Hau. Yes, for Sir *Danphines* sake.

Cen. He shall command vs.

La-F. Hee is as fine a Gentleman of his inches, Madame,
as any is about the Towne, and weares as good colours
when he list.

Tru. Bee briefe, Sir, and confesse your infirmitie, shee'll
be a-fire to be quit of you, if she but heare that nam'd once,
you shall not entreat her to stay. Shee'll flye you, like one
that had the markes vpon him.

Mor. Ladies, I must craue all your pardons—

Tru. Silence, Ladies.

Mor. For a wrong I haue done to your whole sexe, in
marrying this faire, and vertuous Gentlewoman—

Cle. Heare him, good Ladies.

Mor. Being guiltie of an infirmitie, which before I con-
ferr'd with these learned men, I thought I might haue con-
ceald—

Tru. But now being better inform'd in his conscience by
them, hee is to declare it, and giue satisfaction, by asking
your publique forgiuenesse.

Mor. I am no man, Ladies.

All. How!

Mor. Vtterly vn-abled in nature, by reason of *frigidity*,
to performe the duties, or any the least office of a Husband.

Man. Now, out vpon him, prodigious creature!

Cen. Bride-groome vncarnate.

Hau. And would you offer it to a yong Gentlewoman?

Mrs. Ot. A Lady of her longings?

Epi. Tut, a deuce, a deuce, this, it smells rankly, Ladies.
A mere comment of his owne.

Tru.

The silent Woman.

Tru. Why, if you suspect that, Ladies, you may haue him search'd.

Daw. As the custome is, by a Iurie of Physitians.

La-F. Yes faith, 'twill be braue.

Mor. O me, must I yndergoe that!

M's. Or. No, let women search him, Madame : wee can doe it our selues.

Mor. Out on me, worse!

Epi. No Ladies, you shall not need, I'll take him with all his faults.

Mor. Worst of all!

Cle. Why, then 'tis no Diuorce, Doctor, if shee consent not?

Cut. No, if the man be *frigidus*, it is *de parte uxoris*, that we grant *Libellum diuortij*, in the Law.

Ott. I, it is the same in *Theologie*.

Mor. Worse, worse then worst!

Tru. Nay, Sir, be not vtterly dis-heartned, wee haue yet a small relike of hope left, as neare as our comfort is blowne out. *Clerimont*, produce your brace of Knights. What was that, Master Parson, you told me in *errore qualitatis* e'ne now? *Dauphine*, whisper the Bride, that she carry it as if she were guiltie, and a sham'd.

Ott. Mary Sir, in *errore qualitatis* (which Master Doctor did forbear to vrge) if she be found *corrupta*, that is, vitiated or broken vp, that was *pro virgine desponsa*, espous'd for a Maid——

Mor. What then, Sir?

Ott. It doth *dirimere contractum*, and *irritum reddere* too.

Tru. If this bee true, wee are happy againe, Sir, once more. Here are an honourable brace of Knights, that shall affirme so much.

Daw. Pardon vs, good Master *Clerimont*.

La-F. You shall excuse vs, Master *Clerimont*.

Cle. Nay, you must make it good now, Knights, there is no remedie, I'll eate no words for you, nor no men: you know you spoke it to me?

Daw.

The silent Woman.

Daw. Is this Gentleman-like-like, Sir?

Tru. Iack Daw, hee's worse then Sir *Amorous*: fiercer a great deale. Sir *Amorous*, beware, there bee tenne Daves in this *Clerimont*.

La-F. I'll confesse it, Sir.

Daw. Will you, Sir *Amorous*? will you wound reputation?

La-F. I am resolu'd.

Tru. So should you be too, *Iack Daw*: what should keep you off? shee is but a woman, and in disgrace. Hee'll bee glad on't.

Daw. Will he? I thought he would ha' beene angry.

Cle. You will dispatch, Knights, it must bee done, yfaith.

Tru. Why, an' it must it shall, Sir, they say. They'll ne're goe backe. Doe not tempt his patience.

Daw. It is true indeed, Sir.

La-F. Yes, I assure you, Sir.

Mor. What is true Gentlemen? what doe you assure me?

Daw. That we haue knowne your Bride, Sir---

La-F. In good fashion. Shee was our Mistris, or so---

Cle. Nay, you must bee plaine, Knights, as you were to mee.

Ort. I, the question is, if you haue carnaliter, or no.

La-F. Carnaliter? what else, Sir?

Ort. It is enough: a plaine nullitie.

Epi. I am vn-done, I am vn-done!

Mor. O, let me worship and adore you, Gentlemen!

Epi. I am vndone!

Mor. Yes, to my hand, I thanke these Knights: Master Parson, let me thanke you otherwise.

Cen. And, ha' they confess'd?

Man. Now out vpon 'hem, Informers!

Tru. You see, what creatures you may bestow your fauours on, Madames.

Hau. I would except against 'hem as beaten Knights, Wench, and not good Witnesses in Law.

The silent Woman.

Mrs. Ot. Poore Gentlewoman, how she takes it!

Hau. Be comforted, *Morose*, I loue you the better for't.

Cen. So doe I, I protest.

Cut. But Gentlemen, you haue not knowne her, since *matrimonium*?

Daw. Not to day, Master Doctor.

La-F. No, Sir, not to day.

Cut. Why, then I say, for any act before, the *matrimonium* is good and perfect: vnlesse, the worshipfull Bride-groome did precisely, before witnesse demand, if shee were *virgo ante nuptias*.

Epi. No, that he did not, I assure you, Master Doctor.

Cut. If he cannot proue that, it is *ratum coningium*, notwithstanding the premises. And they doe no way *impedire*. And this is my Sentence, this I pronounce.

Ott. I am of Master Doctors resolution too, Sir: if you made not that demand, *ante nuptias*.

Mor. O my heart! wilt thou breake? wilt thou breake? this is worst of all worst worris! that Hell could haue deuise'd! Marry a Whore! and so much noise!

Damp. Come, I see now plaine confederacie in this Doctor, and this Parson, to abuse a Gentleman. You studie his affliction. I pray' bee gone companions. And Gentlemen, I begin to suspect you for hauing parts with 'hem. Sir, will it please you heare me?

Mor. O, doe not talke to me, take not from me the pleasure of dying in silence, Nephew.

Damp. Sir, I must speake to you. I haue beene long your poore despis'd Kins-man, and many a hard thought has strength'ned you against me: but now it shall appeare if either I loue you or your peace, and preferre them to all the World beside. I will not be long or grieuous to you, Sir. If I free you of this vnhappy match absolutely, and instantly after all this trouble, and almost in your despaire, now—

Mor. (It cannot be.)

Damp. Sir, that you bee neuer troubled with a murmur of

The silent Woman.

of it more; what shall I hope for, or deserue of you?

Mor. O, what thou wilt, Nephew! thou shalt deserue me, and haue me.

Daup. Shall I haue your fauour perfect to mee, and lone hereafter?

Mor. That, and any thing beside. Make thine owne conditions. My whole estate is thine. Manage it, I will become thy Ward.

Daup. Nay, Sir, I will not be so vnreasonable.

Epi. Will Sir *Dauphine* be mine enemy too?

Daup. You know, I haue beene a long Suter to you, Vncle, that out of your estate, which is fifteen hundred a yeere, you would allow me but five hundred during life, and assure the rest vpon mee after: to which I haue often, by my selfe and friends tendred you a writing to signe, which you would neuer consent, or incline too. If you please to effect it now--

Mor. Thou shalt haue it, Nephew. I will doe it, and more.

Daup. If I quit you not presently? and for-euer of this cumber, you shall haue power instantly, afore all these, to reuoke your act, and I will become, whose Slaue you will giue me to, for-euer.

Mor. Where is the Writing? I will seale to it, that, or to a Blanke, and write thine owne conditions.

Epi. O me, most vnfortunate wretched Gentlewoman!

Han. Will Sir *Dauphine* doe this?

Epi. Good Sir, haue some compassion on me.

Mor. O, my Nephew knowes you belike; away *Crocodile.*

Cen. He do's it not sure, without good ground.

Daup. Here, Sir.

Mor. Come Nephew: giue me the Pen. I will subscribe to any thing, and seale to what thou wilt, for my deliuerance. Thou art my restorer. Here, I deliuer it thee as my Deed. If there bee a word in it lacking, or writ with false Orthographie, I protest before—I will not take the aduantage.

Daup.

The silent Woman.

He takes off
his picture
errands.

Daup. Then here is your release, Sir; you haue married a Boy; a Gentlemans sonne, that I haue brought vp this halfe yeere, at my great charges, and for this composition, which I haue now made with you. What say you, Master Doctor? this is *instum impedimentum*, I hope, *error persona*?

Ott. Yes Sir, *in primo gradu*.

Cut. *In primo gradu*.

He pulls off
their beards,
and disguise.

Daup. I thanke you, good Doctor *Cutberd*, and Parson *Otter*. You are beholden to 'hem, Sir, that haue taken this paines for you: and my friend, Master *Tru-mit*, who enabled 'hem for the businesse. Now you may goe in and rest, be as priuate as you will, Sir. I'll not trouble you, till you trouble me with your Funerall, which I care not how soone it come, *Cutberd*, I'll make your Lease good. Thanke me not, but with your legges, *Cutberd*. And *Tom Otter*, your Princess shall be reconcil'd to you. How now, Gentlemen! doe you looke at me?

Cle. A Boy.

Daup. Yes, Mistris *Epicæne*.

Try. Well, *Dauphine*, you haue lurch'd your friends of the better halfe of the Garland, by concealing this part of the plot: but much good doe it thee, thou deseru'st it, Lad. And *Clerimont*, for thy vnespected bringing in these two to confession, weare my part of it freely. Nay, Sir *Daw*, and Sir *La-Foole*, you see the Gentlewoman that has done you the fauours! we are all thankfull to you, and so should the woman-kind here, specially for lying on her, though not with her! You meant so, I am sure? But, that wee haue stuck it vpon you to day, in your owne imagin'd persons, and so lately; this *Amazon*, the Champion of the sexe, should beat you now thrifilly, for the common slanders, which Ladies receiue from such Cuckowes, as you are. You are they, that when no merit or fortune can make you hope to enioy their bodies, will yet lye with their reputations, and make their fame suffer. Away you common Moths of these, and all Ladies honours. Goe, trauaile to make legges and faces,
and

The silent Woman.

and come home with some new matter to be laught at: you deserue to liue in an Ayre as corrupted, as that wherewith you feed rumour. Madames, you are mute, vpon this new *Metamorphosis*! but here stands she, that has vindicated your fames. Take heed of such *infecta* hereafter. And let it not trouble you that you haue discouer'd any Mysteries to this yong Gentleman. He is (a'most) of yeeres, and will make a good Visitant within this twelue-month. In the meane time, wee'l all vndertake for his secrecie, that can speake so well of his silence. Spectators, if you like this *Comædie*, rise cheerfully, and now *Morose* is gone in, clap your hands. It may bee, that noyse will cure him, at least please him.

THE END.

